The Post

Sunday Special

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SCOTTISH TROOP TRAIN DISASTER

EIGHT MEN KILLED; FIFTY INJURED.

TRAIN BREAKS LOOSE ON CAMP RAILWAY.

CARRIAGES TELESCOPED — SOLDIERS' REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES.

London, Saturday Night.

A serious railway disaster, involving Scottish troops, occurred this morning in Yorkshire, the casualties so far reported being eight men killed and fifty injured.

The carriages, filled with troops, were set in motion down a steep declivity, and, after running for three miles, became derailed. Carriages were telescoped, and scenes of the wildest confusion followed.

The soldiers in another carriage, which kept the rails and ran further distance of three miles, had a remarkable escape, as the carriages dashed into stationary buffers.

SOLDIERS IN RUNAWAY TRAIN.

London, Saturday Night.

The Press Association says:—A very serious railway disaster occurred this morning on a railway in Yorkshire.

It is stated that a train of ten carriages was standing in the camp station ready to convey a draft of men.

The engine had not been attached, when for some unexplained cause the carriages were set in motion, and started down a steep incline, on a five miles journey to the next station.

Apparently they went safely for the first three miles, but on reaching a slight depression in the line beyond, which was a sharp curve, nine of the ten carriages left the rails.

They were thrown in inextricable confusion on either side of the line, some of them toppling over on to their sides, others heeling completely over, and lay in a field with its wheels uppermost.

The carriages telescoped into each other, and one was smashed almost to matchwood. It was soon evident that the wildest confusion followed, of serious nature.

SOLDIERS THROWN IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

The carriages were filled with troops, and were thrown in all directions.

Down the camp, and ambulances brigades were rapidly despatched to the scene. They set to work immediately to extricate those who were more seriously injured, some assistance being rendered by those who were able in escaping from the wreckage with slight injuries.

As far as can be ascertained some eight men were killed and about fifty injured. The latter were removed to the camp hospital with all speed possible, and given every attention.

MEN'S REMARKABLE ESCAPES.

The idea of the speed at which the engine and train careered down the incline may be gathered from the fact that the leading carriage of the ten, being the one which contained the brake van, appears to have become detached from the others at the point of accident, and it ran by its own volition for a further two miles to the next station, where it knocked over the stationary engine and ran off that end of the line on to the ballast.

Finally it remained on its wheels, and its occupants luckily escaped uninjured, with the exception of one man, who, stepping from the carriage, was struck on the head by a passing engine, and rather seriously injured.

When the Press Association correspondent visted the scene of the disaster this afternoon the breakdown gang from Darlington was busily at work removing the damaged carriages, and in a short time a further gang came on the scene from Middlesbrough.

An agricultural show and military sports was being held in connection with the camp a mile or so away from the scene of the smash, and the strains of the band could be heard distinctly as the rescuers were pursuing their task, the news of the disaster not having reached the show ground.

The names of the killed and injured have not transpired.

TROOPS ON WAY TO EDINBURGH.

Another Press Association correspondent wires:—A serious railway accident occurred in North Yorkshire on Saturday, in which many soldiers were killed and injured.

The news reached camp headquarters of a serious accident which happened on Saturday morning, and it was stated that the soldiers were leaving the camp to go to their homes in Edinburgh.

They swarmed into a train of empty waggons standing without an engine, and the rush of nearly 500 men set the train in motion.

It sped at gradually increasing speed down the incline, where it collided with a carriage standing on the line.

There was a terrific smash, and the occupants of the waggons were strewn in all directions. Two men were killed, and five succumbed on the way to the hospital, where about sixty men had been taken in a serious condition.

Great consternation was caused in the district, where an agricultural show, promoted by the military, was being held in the camp.

AN EXTRAORDINARY AFFAIR.

A Central News North-Eastern correspondent telegraphs further deails as follows:—

I learn, he says, that a draft of troops were about to leave, and they boarded the carriages before the engine was attached.

The ten carriages then set off down the incline, and having travelled about three miles they came to a sharp curve.

Nine of the carriages then suddenly left the metals, and were thrown into confusion on both sides of the line, some overturning, others being smashed.

The leading carriage broke away from the others, but, keeping to the rails, went on to the next station, where it knocked down a buffer and ran on to some ballast.

It is reported that seven men were killed and fifty injured, the latter being taken to the camp hospital.

This afternoon the carriages lay in almost inextricable confusion in a field adjoining the track, and breakdown gangs from Darlington and Middlesbrough were busily engaged in clearing the wreckage.

One carriage was found to have turned topsy-turvy, and lay with its wheels in the air. Another carriage was almost smashed to matchwood.

MEN JUMP FROM RUNAWAY TRAIN.

It appears (says another correspondent) there were two special troop trains this morning, and the mishap happened to one of the trains bringing down men from the camp to join the specials.

The soldiers involved in the accident all belong to Scottish regiments.

There were about four hundred men in the train. It is stated that the engine was detached, and the train by some means was set in motion. The branch line to the camp is about six miles from the main line, and is of a steep character.

The train gathered speed, and many men jumped out of the carriages. Seven of the carriages were smashed. These contained a large number of men, most of whom were buried in the debris. Some, however, had a lucky escape from injury, and with assistance, which was forthcoming, helped to rescue the other men.

THE GRETNA TROOP TRAIN ACCIDENT.

The railway disaster at Quintinshill, near Gretna, which resulted in such a deplorable loss of gallant soldiers, also occurred on a Saturday—22d May, 1915. The troops then involved were the Royal Scots, who were on their journey to their war stations in the South of England prior to leaving for the front. Three trains were involved, and about 160 men were killed, the total casualties being in the region of 400.

It was while the local passenger train was standing at Quintinshill that the troop train came along and dashed into it. All the circumstances of the disaster made the heavy loss of life inevitable, many of the carriages being telescoped. So terrific was the collision that several of the wrecked carriages tumbled on to the opposite line of rails.

A great number of the passengers were killed outright, others pinned beneath the wreckage were crushed and burned, or overcome by smoke from the fire which broke out immediately following the smash.

Edinburgh and Leith were heavily stricken, many of the young soldiers belonging to that district on the East Coast.

DRASTIC NEW ORDER FOR EXEMPTS.

Must Join the Volunteer Force.

London, Saturday.

A prospective new Order of the Army Council regarding Volunteer Training Corps was referred to at the Shoreditch Tribunal Captain Weber, of the 2/1 City of London Volunteer Regiment, presented to the members the following:—"I would ask the Tribunal to order volunteer training to those men who, in their opinion, should, in addition to their civil occupation, give part time to the nation, and make the condition of exemption on condition that he at once becomes, and continues to remain, a member of Section B in a Volunteer regiment. It is the intention of the commanding officer to deal severely with Volunteers who do not carry out their engagements. He has power to deal with them as absentee soldiers and commit them to a military detention prison.—(Signed) Capt. Weber."

Captain Weber said he wished it to be made compulsory for men to join the B Section, and the Tribunal had no further bother, as the men would be looked after by the military. The Army Council only wanted men who were fit, and had signed on for the duration of the war. These men would be medically examined as to their fitness. He had anticipated the Army Council Order to this effect by only a fortnight.

GERMAN STRONG POINT CAPTURED.

SMART ACTION AT INVERNESS COPSE.

BIG BOMBING RAIDS IN BELGIUM.

FROM SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.

9.25 p.m., Saturday.

A successful local operation was carried out this afternoon by a London regiment north of Inverness Copse.

A German strong point was captured, with 36 prisoners and a machine gun, at little cost to our own troops.

This afternoon Durham troops successfully raided the enemy's trenches west of Cherisy, and captured 22 prisoners. Our casualties were slight.

Early this morning a raid attempted by the enemy in the neighbourhood of Neuve Chapelle was repulsed by Portuguese troops, leaving a number of dead and wounded Germans in our hands.

Another hostile raiding party which endeavoured to enter our lines south of Armentieres was forced to withdraw without loss to our troops.

On the 14th inst. the cloudy weather continued, with a strong west wind, making artillery observation difficult and greatly favouring the enemy's machines in combats.

Eleven heavy bombs were dropped by us on the railway station north of Charleroi, and 75 bombs on railway stations, billets, and encampments near the lines.

Three enemy machines were brought down, one falling behind our lines and six driven down out of control.

Four of our machines are missing.

KORNILOFF SURRENDERS—RUSSIAN TROOPS ASSUME THE OFFENSIVE.

Petrograd, Saturday.

As the result of prolonged deliberation which lasted the whole of the evening and far into the night between the Provisional Government and the political parties regarding the formation of a new Cabinet a favourable solution of the question has been reached, and a sensible improvement in the political situation, which has been very critical, is the consequence.

The list of Ministers, which has already been drawn up, will be published to-morrow.

The tension has been still further relieved by the news that the Provisional Government has been informed of the arrest of General Korniloff and his chief accomplices.

The Minister of War announces that General Korniloff has surrendered to General Alexeieff, who has placed him under guard.

Korniloff's forces at Louga, under General Krymoff, having learned of the real situation, have declared for the Government. Krymoff obeyed the Government order, and retired his force towards Narva. The mutiny, having lost its active power, goes down, and everything tends towards the belief that Korniloff's adventure will be liquidated within the next day or two.

A great number of troops are being concentrated on Petrograd.

The late Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch has been removed from Gatshino to Petrograd, and has been placed in Government buildings under home arrest.

KORNILOFF'S ARMY CONSPIRACY

Was Well Laid and Prepared.

Petrograd, Saturday.

The Provisional Government has grounds for believing that the units of Korniloff's army were misled. They were told that they were going to Petrograd to liberate the Government from the Maximalists' mutiny.

The Government took measures to inform Korniloff's forces of the real situation.

The Government believe that Korniloff's conspiracy had been well laid and prepared for some time. Information reached the Government that many generals, having received orders to proceed to their destination, purposely remained in the rear and then joined Korniloff.

General Loukomsky played the principal part in the organisation of the mutiny against the Government.

The whole interest now concentrates on two persons—Kerensky personifying the revolution and Korniloff personifying the reaction.

The Government confess that the mutiny came unexpectedly, and caused great surprise.

STRONG OFFENSIVE ACTION BY RUSSIANS.

London, Saturday.

A welcome revival in the Russian offensive is reported in the Petrograd communique received to-night, which shows attacks by the Russians mainly in the region to the south of Riga.

The report states that on the Pskoy road our detachments, supported by a storming battalion, overcame the stubborn resistance of the enemy and occupied the small town of Kronberg. We captured some guardsmen and machine guns. To the south of the Pskoy road our troops, including the Battalion of Death, moved forward 800 paces under strong fire towards the enemy position leading from the village of Spita as far as the village of Runen.

Great assistance was given by an armoured automobile, and our advance guards with a sudden and impetuous rush occupied Keitzen and Gisseral.

KERENSKY'S ORDER TO THE ARMY

Petrograd, Saturday Night.

M. Kerensky has issued an Order of the Day to the army and the fleet, in which, after stating that General Korniloff's revolt had disorganised operations at the front, he orders the soldiers to cease all political disputes in the army, which must do everything in its power to restore its fighting capacity, to resume the transport of troops according to the orders of the General Staff, to stop the arrests of commanders, the right to do which only belongs to the judicial authorities; not to remove commanders from their posts, and not to form voluntary detachments on the pretext of fighting a counter-revolutionary movement.

The Order of the Day concludes with the assurance that the army which showed its complete fidelity and trust in the Provisional Government during the recent troubles will realise that the country can only be saved by the establishment of army discipline and by the close union of all its elements.—Reuter.

THE SWEDISH CRISIS.

RESULT OF THE ELECTION

EFFECT OF ARGENTINE REVELATIONS.

Copenhagen, Saturday.

The Washington revelation about the Argentina and the Mexico affairs arrived in Swenden at the beginning of the most violent electioneering campaign for many years in which Liberals and Socialists more than ever have a chance to get the great Parliamentary majority, which is the necessary base of a Liberal Government.

The result of the elections is known from one-third of the electoral divisions, and the final result will be published on September 26.

Up till now the Liberals and Socialists have had great gains, and the Conservatives have lost sixteen mandates. It is supposed that this defeat will continue on the same scale.

As the final result of the elections will show a great Liberal-Socialist majority, the Conservative Government will probably resign and be replaced by a Socialist-Coalition Government, or a Coalition Government in which the Conservatives will also be represented.

The leading Conservative paper, the Dagligt Allensanda, recognises the possibility of a Government change, and expresses the hope that all parties will give up party contentions and agree to form a Coalition Government, and by their exertions save Sweden from its difficulties.—Exchange Telegram.

Cronholm Repudiated.

From Stockholm it is reported that the compromised Minister in Mexico, Cronholm, is no longer attached to Swedish diplomacy. He was discharged at the beginning of December, 1916, for a reason not known. He was appointed Swedish Charge d'Affairs in Mexico at the beginning of the war. He is a young man, and unknown. Consul Anderherz, from Chicago, was appointed Cronholm's successor, but had not yet taken over the position.—Exchange Telegram.

LUXBURG TO BE DISMISSED.

Sequel to Intrigue in Argentine.

Copenhagen, Saturday.

The Berlin correspondent of the Politiken learns from well-informed sources that it is now believed in Germany that the Argentina will not interrupt diplomatic relations, and that the conflict will be settled by Luxburg's dismissal.

The Argentine Minister here publishes an official telegram from his Government to the Argentine Minister at Berlin, saying—"The Government of Argentina, which has understood and appreciated the elevated and dignified manner in which the German Government answered the protest of Argentina, regrets to inform Your Excellency that owing to the contents of published telegrams originating from Karl Luxburg he is no more a persona grata, and that the Government accordingly have been compelled to give him his passports. I beg you to inform the German Government on the matter."—Exchange.

ECKHARDT'S BRAZEN DENIAL

Of Intrigue With Swedish Legation.

Mexico City, Saturday.

Herr Von Eckhardt, the German Minister to Mexico, has made a statement denying everything in connection with Mr Lansing's disclosures that he had been employing the former Swedish Charge d'Affaires to convey information to Berlin. He declared he never sent any communication through M. Cronholm, and never wrote recommending the latter for a decoration.

When, in reply to these assertions, it was pointed out that the American State Department had full proof of his complicity, he declared it was merely American intrigue.

NEW NATIONAL PARTY.

Tariff Reform League's Support.

Manchester, Saturday.

The tenth annual meeting of the Tariff Reform League was held in Manchester this afternoon, Viscount Duncannan presiding over a large attendance of delegates.

The principal business was contained in some resolutions, which were to the effect that the Tariff Reform League merge itself in the National Party. On the question, Brigadier-General Page Croft, in a letter to the members of the League, stated that, though Lord Duncannon and he were strong supporters, the National Party stood for all that the League had fought for.

Lord Duncannon moved the adoption of the report, and Brigadier-General Page Croft seconded, the report being adopted with only one dissentient voice.

The conference then considered a resolution which welcomed with deep gratitude the new National Party, which had placed in the forefront of its programme the objects for which the League has always fought, and had pledged itself to a broad and statesmanlike policy of reconstruction and reform so that the class war might be ended.

Lord Duncannon informs the Central News that his decision to retire from the chairmanship of the Tariff Reform League is irrespective of the resolution for co-operation with the National Party.

SUCCESSES IN CHAMPAGNE.

FRENCH SURPRISE ATTACK.

Paris, Saturday Night.

There were rather violent artillery actions in the sector of Laffaux Mill and on the right bank of the Meuse.

In Champagne we carried out a successful surprise attack on the German trenches in the region of Mont Haut. We destroyed an observatory and several shelters, and brought back about ten prisoners.

During the days of September 13 and 14 four German aeroplanes were brought down in aerial fighting.—French Night Official Report.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

In parts of the Flanders front and to the south-east of Arras there was lively fighting activity.—German Night Official Report.

TURKS REPORT ACTIVITY ON DIALA FRONT.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The following official was issued in Constantinople yesterday:—

Diala Front. — The enemy has been actively reconnoitring in the neighbourhood of Scheriban, opposite Deliabas. An enemy aeroplane, which was forced to land on September 12 north-west of Rebat, was burned with its occupants. Hostile aeroplanes again attacked Smyrna. Two persons were wounded, and four private houses and shops were destroyed.—P.A.

BRITISH AIRMEN HARRY THE BULGARS.

Press Bureau, Saturday Night.

A communique regarding the Salonika zone was issued to-day.

During the past week our aeroplanes have bombed the enemy's encampments and dumps at Rupel, Vetrina, and Cernista, causing considerable damage. Otherwise there is nothing to report.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Bulgarian official communique issued in Sofia yesterday is as follows:—

Macedonian Front.—A British reconnoitring detachment which attempted to advance west of Lake Doiran, near the village of Krsheli, was dispersed by our fire.

An enemy ship bombarded from the Gulf of Arfano our positions near the mouth of the Struma.

THREE TONS OF BOMBS IN AUSTRIAN LINES.

Rome, Saturday Night.

There has been artillery activity of noticeable intensity on some sections of the Trentino and the Julien front.

Near Log, in the northern zone of the Bainizza Plateau, by advancing we rectified our line of occupation, and captured prisoners.

In the Carso the enemy's lines of communication were bombarded by our airmen with about three tons of bombs.

During an aerial combat an enemy aeroplane was brought down in flames.—Italian Official Report.

THE KINGDOM OF POLAND.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A Vienna telegram states that the German Emperor has sent an autograph letter to the Governor-General of Warsaw couched in terms similar to those of the Austrian Emperor's letter to the Archbishop of Lemberg, announcing his determination to continue the consolidation of the Polish State in the sense of the manifesto creating the new Kingdom.

At Lublin and Warsaw a decree dated September 12 has been issued regarding the jurisdiction of the Kingdom of Poland.

The supreme State authority in the Kingdom of Poland is to be transferred to a Council of Regency composed of three members, who will be appointed by the Monarchies of the occupying Powers.

All the decrees of this Council must be countersigned by the responsible Premier. The legislative power is exercised by the Council of Regency.

The consent of the occupying Powers is necessary for all affairs the administration of which has not yet been handed over to the Polish authorities.

The right to appoint International representatives and to conclude International agreements can only be exercised by the Polish authorities after the termination of the occupation.—Reuter.

THE UNWRITTEN LAW AGAIN.

London, Saturday.

At Tottenham Police Court to-day, when a man connected with theatres, who gives music lessons, was summoned for persistent cruelty to his wife, it was said they had been married for twenty-five years.

The wife's solicitor said she wrote from Watford saying she would look her husband up one morning. In reply he wrote that he was glad she was going to see him, adding, "but let me know when to expect you as I am not stopping here."

On Sept. 1 the wife arrived home at 8.30 a.m., and when trying to get in with her latchkey found the catch up on the door. Through a basement window she saw a lady. She was one of her husband's pupils who took lessons at the house. When the complainant got into the house she went for the pupil.

The Magistrate—The unwritten law again.

When challenged, the pupil said to the wife—"How do you expect me to go home during an air raid?"

The solicitor said the incident occurred on the morning after an air raid. The husband told the wife he had taken the lady in because he wanted protection. Defendant was still under the protection of the lady.

After hearing evidence, the Magistrate granted a separation order, with £1 a week alimony.

THE PEACE RUMOURS.

REPORTED MEETING OF FINANCIERS.

STATEMENT ISSUED BY GOVERNMENT.

Press Bureau, Saturday Night.

Reports have appeared in the British and neutral Press to the effect that a meeting of financiers recently took place in Switzerland to consider the effects of the war on international finance, and to discuss the terms of peace. It is said that British subjects entered into relations with subjects of the enemy Powers for this purpose.

His Majesty's Government have no knowledge of any such meeting, and no passports have been issued to British subjects for this or any simular purpose.

In the event of any information reaching the Government that there has been any meeting with such an object between enemy subjects and British subjects the appropriate legal proceedings will be taken to punish the offenders.

ALLEGED PEACE OVERTURES BY BRITAIN.

London, Saturday.

With reference to the rumour published in the Deutsche Zeitung and other German newspapers to the effect that peace overtures have been made by Great Britain to Germany, it is officially announced that any suggestion that any peace offer has been made by the British Government is totally devoid of foundation.

A Hague correspondent states: — The Hague is buzzing with the most sensational peace rumours. All of them are easily ascribed to German origin. Fear of another winter of war inspires them.

DEATH OF REV. DR JOHN HUNTER.

A GREAT POPULAR PREACHER.

London, Saturday.

The Rev. Dr John Hunter died somewhat suddenly at his residence at Hampstead this morning.

He was in his sixty-eighth year, and was known to Free Churchmen on both sides of the Tweed as one of the great preachers of the last half-century.

Born at Aberdeen, and educated at the University there, as well as at Springhill College, Birmingham, and Mansfield College, he began his career as a Congregational minister at York. It was at Glasgow that he achieved fame as a preacher, and those who knew him there still speak of his striking style in the pulpit as in contrast with his remarkable retiring manner in private life. For a while he was one of the popular preachers of London during the time he was minister at the Kingsway House Chapel, Gosvenor Square. Taking such attractive topics as novels of the day for his subjects, he drew large congregations of the younger generation, who were charmed by his wide reading.

After going back for some years further ministry at Glasgow, he returned to London in 1913, and took up his residence at Hampstead. When he bade farewell to Trinity Church, Glasgow, his congregation handed him £3500. It was characteristic that he should ask that the presentation should be private.

The death of his elder son, who was killed on the Somme last year, was a severe blow to him, from which he never really recovered.

EDINBURGH CABDRIVERS' DISPUTE.

A Strike Expected.

Edinburgh, Saturday Night.

A fortnight ago Edinburgh was threatened with a strike of taxi-cab and horse-cab drivers, but when the services of Sir George Askwith, Chief Industrial Commissioner, were enlisted it was hoped extreme measures would be obviated.

However, the cab proprietors have now informed Sir George Askwith that they cannot entertain the men's application for an increase of 9s per week, and are unwilling to submit the question to arbitration.

The men are to hold a meeting to-morrow night to consider the position, and it is feared that under the circumstances a strike will be decided upon. Should there be a strike it will affect about 400 men, including not only cabdrivers, but men employed by funeral undertakers in the city.

THE NINEPENNY LOAF IN DUNDEE.

Dundee, Saturday Night.

A meeting of the Dundee Master Bakers was held to-night to decide whether or not to take advantage of the option in the Order for regulating the price of the 4-lb. loaf. The Order states that a reasonable charge "may be made by the seller if he gives credit or delivers at the customer's house."

Dundee bakers have decided to charge 1d extra—one halfpenny for wrapping up and sending, and one halfpenny for credit. Thus the ordinary loaf which is sold over the counter at 9d will cost 10d to those who have it parcelled, delivered, and credited. Those who provide their own paper or cloth to take away the bread will only be charged 9d. Special breads are to be sold at 11d over the counter, but if credited, 1d more will be charged. Although working under many disadvantages Dundee master bakers are determined to keep up the high standard of bread, as far as it lies in their power.

THE KING'S VISIT TO GLASGOW.

WILL JOURNEY NORTH TO-DAY.

The King leaves London to-day for the extensive tour of Clydeside, which will extend over four days, throughout which large numbers of public works, shipyards, &c., will be visited.

During the four days' residence in the North His Majesty will sleep and dine in the Royal train.

The tour begins on Monday morning, when the King visits Greenock at ten o'clock. Several shipyards and engineering establishments will be visited, and later His Majesty will call at the Municipal Buildings and receive the Provost of the burgh. The afternoon is to be similarly spent at Port-Glasgow, where five shipbuilding yards will be inspected, and a visit paid to the Burgh Chambers.

Tuesday will be wholly spent in Glasgow, three hours being occupied in touring yards and works during the forenoon. A unique function for Scotland takes place that afternoon, when His Majesty will hold investiture at Ibrox Park. The King will also present medals and other decorations there. It is expected a crowd of nearly one hundred thousand will be accommodated in the park.

On Wednesday the King visits Motherwell, Mossend, and Newton, concluding with a call at the works of Messrs G. and J. Weir, Cathcart.

The final day of the visit will be devoted to Govan, Renfrew, and Paisley.

EARL OF STAIR HOME AGAIN.

ARRIVAL AT CASTLE KENNEDY.

Stranraer, Saturday.

Major the Earl of Stair, of the Scots Guards, who has been a prisoner of war in Germany, and who was recently passed for repatriation for health reasons, arrived home this morning.

His Lordship travelled by the night express from London, and reached Stranraer shortly after seven o'clock.

Owing to the early hour of his arrival there were few people about, and no demonstration.

Arrangements had, however, been made by the tenantry of the estate to extend a welcome to him on Monday forenoon at Lochinch.

His Lordship appeared somewhat tired after his overnight journey, but otherwise looked fairly well, considering his long period of internment, and the hardships he had experienced.

On his arrival at London yesterday afternoon Lord Stair was met by his wife, who embraced her husband fervently. Lord Stair, on account of his injuries, was obliged to walk with the aid of a stick. A well-known General from the War Office then welcomed Lord Stair, and the little party remained in conversation for a short interval.

On leaving Waterloo Lord and Lady Stair, joined by General Trevelle, motored to the home of their relatives. During the afternoon numerous visitors called on Lord Stair to congratulate him on his return from Switzerland. The telephone, too, was constantly engaged with continuous inquiries from the Carlton and other clubs, of which he is an old member.

All attempts to see Lord Stair were tactfully frustrated by his wife, who pointed out that her husband was not disposed to make any statement until he had presented his official report to the War Office.

DISGUISED POLICEMAN'S CAPTURE.

Kirkcaldy, Saturday.

Kirkcaldy police were searching for an engineer named John Baird, alias Dickinson, who formerly resided in East Smeaton Street, on a charge of obtaining a quantity of beef from John Gillespie, butcher, High Street, Kirkcaldy, by false representations.

It was learned that the man had been seen going north-west out of the town, and Constable Wm. Smith set off in pursuit. Baird is a big, powerful fellow, and the constable decided that he must get some kind of disguise if he were to catch his man unawares. When he reached Dunnikier Lodge, on the outskirts of Kirkcaldy, Smith borrowed the lodgekeeper's cap and jacket. The jacket was several sizes too small, but it served, and the officer managed to overtake his prey. Baird showed a fight, and a furious and protracted struggle ensued before he was overpowered and handcuffed.

At the Police Court to-day he was convicted of fraud and fined 20s, or ten days.

BABY SHOW AT DALZIEL.

Motherwell, Saturday Night.

The principal item at a garden fete at Dalzell Palace grounds this afternoon was a baby show.

There was a large entry, and great interest was taken in the event. Lady Hamilton of Dalzell handed over the prizes to the proud mothers, who, carrying their chubby children, entered the field to the strains of the pipes playing "The Campbells are Comin'."

The prize-winners were as follows:—

Not over six months—1 Mrs George Ogilvie; 2 Mrs Middleton; 3 Mrs T. Henderson; 4 Mrs King.

Not over twelve months—1 Mrs Haynes; 2 Mrs Peters; 3 Mrs Cameron; 4 Mrs O'Hara.

Not over eighteen months—1 Mrs Mackie; 2 Mrs Danskin; 3 Mrs Muir; 4 Mrs Crozier.

Twins.—1 Mrs Eadie; 2 Mrs Sinclair; 3 Mrs Wilson.

Fire broke out in the stackyard of Longfould Farm, Lambhill, tenanted by Mr Aitkenhead, last night, and at an early hour on Sunday morning the firemen were still fighting the flames. The damage is considerable.

SOLDIER AND BURGLAR

CAUGHT BREAKING INTO OFFICER'S HOUSE.

EXCITING CHASE AT KIRKCALDY.

Kirkcaldy, Saturday.

Glancing from the upper window of his house in the Beveridge Public Park, Kirkcaldy, Mrs Sinclair, wife of the house-owner, observed a man in military uniform climbing up to the balcony over the door of the residence of Major David Beveridge, Seaforth Highlanders, in Beglily Road.

The Major is on active service, and the villa is closed up. Mrs Sinclair knew that her husband, who went across to the villa, was the man, while his wife went for the police. Meanwhile the prowler had smashed a pane in the window of the pantry, unfastened the catch, and entered. His progress was watched by the pantry door, which was left open, by the other side. Returning to the window and observing Mr Sinclair approaching, the housebreaker scrambled down from the balcony, and made off towards the Beveridge Park, which skirts the Beveridge Public Park.

Sergeant Smith and Constable Lee soon appeared on the scene, and gave chase, finally running down their quarry at the far end of the mill-dam walk. He offered no resistance, and was taken to Cupar Police Office. At Cupar Sheriff Court to-day he was sentenced to prison for ten days, the charge being housebreaking with intent to steal.

The prisoner, who is Private Henry Bentley, Training Reserve Battalion, was one of a party of soldiers engaged on farm work in the district. He had been dismissed that day before as unsuitable for the work.

TRAGIC DISCOVERY AT KILMARNOCK.

Kilmarnock, Saturday Night.

The police of Kilmarnock to-day made a gruesome discovery. For the past week or two there had been some concern regarding the absence from his usual haunts of Robert Gibson, a retired commercial traveller, who lived at 3 Langlands Terrace. He was a bachelor, and lived alone.

As it had been his custom to pay occasional visits to his sister in London, it was thought at a time that he had gone to the Metropolis. His continued absence, however, gave rise to some uneasiness, and to-day the police were called at the house, and forced an entrance. Entering the front door, they found the body lying on the floor, and in a chair. In an advanced state of decomposition, Dr Mason, the police surgeon, was of the opinion that death had taken place fully three weeks ago.

Gibson was well known throughout Ayrshire. For many years he travelled for Messrs Lamont & Co., tweeders, Paisley, some five years ago. He was over 70 years of age. A brother resides in Glasgow, and a sister, as has been indicated, in London.

END OF "SUMMER TIME."

How to Shift the Clock.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

Citizens have an opportunity for a "lie" on Monday morning. "Summer Time" comes to an end on Monday morning, the clock being put back one hour 2-3 on Monday morning, when it will be 2 o'clock Greenwich time before it is 3 o'clock. Greenwich time being one hour of Summer Time slower than Summer Time, the clocks have been put forward by the same amount in accordance with Greenwich time. Numerous hour of Summer Time slower than Greenwich

GREAT DEEDS OF NEW SCOTTISH V.C.s.

GLASGOW OFFICER, SIX TIMES WOUNDED, FOILS ENEMY ATTACK.

K.O.S.B. SERGEANT CAPTURES SIXTY PRISONERS—SEAFORTH'S AMAZING FEAT OF ENDURANCE.

(EXCLUSIVE TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

LIEUTENANT J. R. NOBLE GRAHAM.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

Scotland has three more heroes on the roll. Two of these belong to Glasgow—Lieutenant John Reginald Noble Graham, Royal and Sutherland Highlanders, whose home is a well-known business gentleman in the city, and Acting C.S.M. John Skinner, who resides in Pollokshields. The other recipient is Sergeant Alexander Edwards, Seaforth Highlanders, a native of Lossiemouth.

"We are all proud of Reggie Graham, as a fine lad in civil life. Now he has proved himself a distinguished soldier."

Thus was the tribute paid by one of the officials to Lieutenant John Reginald Noble Graham, who was employed in the offices at Glasgow when he joined the army.

The gallant officer is the eldest son of Mr and Mrs Fred Graham, Cameron House, Auchinloch, Lenzie, and a grandson of the late John H. N. Graham, of Larbert. The distinguished officer's father, Mr Fred Graham, was in London when news reached him of the honour which had come the way of his son. Mr Graham is justly proud of the honour and cherishes the official announcement in which the officer commanding the battalion describes the lieutenant's gallantry.

"In a Bit of a Blue Funk."

"Reggie is a charming lad," said a personal friend of the lieutenant to a "Post Sunday Special" representative. "I have had some very fine letters from him, saying how he was in a bit of a blue funk the time he distinguished himself so much that he was made to the daring exploit which brought him the Victoria Cross. You know, he had no special liking for soldiering, but when he joined the Royal and Sutherland Highlanders he got well away, and it was this desire to get to the battlefield that prompted him to volunteer to the Machine Gun Section."

Of his most conspicuous bravery, coolness and resource when in command of a Machine Gun Section that is now officially designated Lieutenant Graham accompanied the guns across open ground, under heavy rifle and machine gunfire, and although they became casualties he assisted in carrying the ammunition.

Although twice wounded he continued to advance to control his guns, and when one gun to open an accurate fire on the enemy, who were massing for a counter-attack. This gun was put out of action by the enemy's rifle fire, and he was again severely wounded. The advancing enemy then killed his gun, rendering it useless. Undaunted, he brought a Lewis gun into action and continued effect, till all the ammunition was expended. He was again severely wounded, but before doing so he took the Lewis gun in his pocket. During the trying ordeal he received no fewer than six wounds. His valour and skilful handling of guns held up a strong counter-attack which threatened to roll up the left flank of the Brigade, and thus undoubtedly might have been a very critical one.

Lieutenant Graham is again feeling well, and at present with a Machine Gun Corps is preparing to render further service to his country.

GLASGOW SERGT. TAKES SIXTY PRISONERS.

Hero of Many Campaigns.

Many days ago, public attention was drawn by the story of a remarkable exploit performed by a K.O.S.B. sergeant, as related by an appreciative war correspondent who chanced to pick it up from the whirling tide of strife along the front.

Although the K.O.S.B. sergeant's name was not then given; the veil has been lifted to reveal the identity of the heroic soldier, by the announcement of the award of the official decoration to Acting Coy.-Sergt.-Major J. K. Skinner, King's Own Scottish Borderers.

The correspondent described the episode in the following terms:—"I have just heard of an exploit which took place during the fighting along the Westhole Ridge which admirably illustrates the spirit of our men. A sergeant of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, whose previous record is eloquently written upon his sleeve in the form of five wound stripes, went forward alone to reconnoitre a concreted machine gun post which had given a lot of trouble. After a considerable time he reappeared, laboriously carrying two machine guns, one under each arm, and followed by the whole garrison of the place as prisoners, consisting of one officer and 36 other ranks. He explained that there remained four machine guns in the place, which our men could either destroy or use when they got it, but that he did not like to come back without some trophies."

But, apparently the war correspondent did not get the full story of the daring sergeant's act, as the official "Gazette" account of the deed for which the Cross was awarded, after narrating the taking of "the first blockhouse single-handed" goes on to state that he led six of his men "towards other two blockhouses" and "skilfully cleared them," the final count of his trophies being "60 prisoners, three machine-guns, and two trench mortars."

Glasgow is justifiably proud of the story, for the new V.C. is the second son of Mr and Mrs W. C. Skinner, 253 Maxwell Road, Pollokshields.

Enlisting in the K.O.S.B. when only about sixteen years of age, he served in the South African War (1899-1902), for which he possesses the Queen Victoria and the King's medals, and was thrice wounded during that campaign. At the close of the South African War he proceeded to India with his battalion.

Six Times Wounded.

When the present war broke out Company Sergeant-Major Skinner landed in France early in August, 1914, with the original British Expeditionary Force. Just on three years ago he gained the D.C.M. for conspicuous gallantry while reconnoitring a wood under heavy fire. He was wounded on this occasion.

Returning to the front, he was again wounded, and shortly afterwards was sent out to take part in the Gallipoli Peninsula campaign, in which he sustained a third wound. After the withdrawal from Gallipoli the gallant sergeant-major again found himself on the soil of France.

While performing the feat of gallantry which has gained him the noblest of all British decorations, Sergeant-Major Skinner was slightly wounded on the head, but was able to resume duty after spending six days in the casualty clearing station.

During this war the Pollokshields V.C. has now sustained no fewer than six wounds, and an intimate friend told a "Post Sunday Special" representative that when last home on leave he preferred to go about the city in his civilian suit, as the number of paralleled strips of gold braid on his tunic sleeve invariably attracted attention wherever he went, and the sergeant-major found this source of admiring comment rather embarrassing at times. He is now due another period of home leave, and may be home shortly.

Sergeant-Major Skinner's reticence as to his own experiences at the front is particularly marked in his letters home, and only from comrades home on leave did his parents learn that their son had again distinguished himself recently, and was expected to receive the V.C. It is a remarkable fact that after he had been awarded the D.C.M. he was twice home on leave before Mr and Mrs Skinner chanced to discover that he possessed this decoration.

CROWDED HOURS OF VALOUR.

Lossiemouth Sergeant's Amazing Courage.

Lossiemouth, Saturday.

It is only in keeping with the glorious achievements of the Morayshire Seaforths during the past two and a half years, that one of their number, Sergeant Alexander Edwards, of Lossiemouth, should now be enrolled in the growing company of Victoria Cross heroes.

The son of a fisherman, one of the splendid type of man to be found all along the Morayshire coast, the gallant sergeant was among the first Lossiemouth men to join up, becoming a Kitchener recruit when our so-called "contemptibles" were fighting with their backs to the wall at Mons and Le Cateau.

Sergeant Edwards has played his part well since then, and the act—or rather, series of acts—which won for him the V.C. stamps him at once as a hero soldier of extraordinary mettle.

What crowded hours of heroism are revealed by the announcement of his deeds, even as baldly rendered in the official Gazette? First of all, this splendid Scot from Morayshire led a party against a concealed enemy machine gun, surprised the Germans, killed the party, and captured the gun. Then, although badly wounded in the arm, he stalked a sniper who was causing casualties among our men, and, tracking him down, avenged his comrades' fall.

That, one might think, would have been sufficient one day, but Sergeant Edwards is no ordinary hero. Taking the place of his officers, who had been killed or wounded, Edwards led his men forward, and carried an important position, all the while being exposed to the greatest danger, owing to his daring reconnaissance work. And on the following day, although twice wounded, he, by his coolness and complete disregard of his personal safety, inspired his men, and "engendered in them," as the Gazette says, "a fine fighting spirit."

Sergeant Edwards has seen a lot of scrapping since he went out to France a year ago in May. Though in several heavy engagements, and in many a tight corner, he escaped scatheless, and his health remained good until October, 1916, when he was compelled to give in through severe throat trouble. A sojourn of six weeks in an hospital at Ealing, London, put him in the best of form again, and after a week or two's sick leave, spent on his "native heath," he joined his reserve battalion.

In June last a draft of Seaforths was formed for active service, and at the last moment in was found that an additional N.C.O. was required. Sergeant Edwards immediately volunteered, with the result that he was able to take part in the big fight of 31st July, when he performed the deeds of valour already described.

Three of Scotland's latest V.C.s—Pte. George M'Intosh, Buckie (on left); Acting C.S.M. John Skinner, Pollokshields; and Sergt. Alexander Edwards, Lossiemouth (inset).

GREAT DEEDS OF SCOTTISH V.C.s—Continued.

PRESENTATION TO BUCKIE V.C.

May be Decorated by the King in Glasgow.

Buckie, Saturday.

This afternoon Pte. M'Intosh, the Buckie V.C., who was employed in Messrs Jones' sawmill here, was made the recipient of a purse of £50 from his employers.

Mr Samuel, manager, said they were justly proud of their former co-worker, who had gained the greatest honour the country could give, and at a very early age. The hero returned thanks for the gift in a word.

The King may decorate Pte. M'Intosh at Glasgow this week.

ABERDEEN SHERIFF'S WARNING.

FALSE BIRTH REGISTRATION CASE.

Aberdeen, Saturday.

Jessie Mitchell Jamieson or Booth, a delicate-looking woman, dressed in black, was charged before Sheriff Laing at Aberdeen Sheriff Court to-day with having made a false declaration when registering her illegitimate child.

According to Mr G. M. Aitken, advocate, who represented accused, she was 32 years of age, and had three of a family. Her husband joined the army in 1915, and went to France in November of that year. He was last at home in January, 1916, and accused gave birth to a child on May 23 of this year. She registered the child as the lawful child of her husband. The only explanation was that she wanted to conceal her misconduct. For the past twelve months she had been in very poor health, and had been in the Royal Infirmary.

Mr MacLennan, Fiscal, said he was informed that the husband had forgiven accused, and that the reputed father of the child—an old man—died some time ago.

The Sheriff said accused's was a somewhat deplorable case. If offences of this nature under present national circumstances became common he thought it not improbable that offenders would be sent to prison without the option of a fine. He imposed a penalty of £4. The fine was paid in Court.

COLLIERY ENGINEMEN'S DISPUTE.

NOTICES TO BE WITHDRAWN.

Motherwell, Saturday Night.

At a largely-attended and very enthusiastic meeting of colliery enginemen, held in the Masonic Hall, Motherwell, to-night, Mr Robert Shirkie, secretary of the Scottish Enginemen, reported that negotiations had taken place in London between the Coal Controller and representatives of the Coal National Federation of Colliery Enginemen and Boilermen's Association with reference to the demand of 1s per shift war bonus and an increase of 25 per cent. on present wages.

The matter had been before a meeting in Glasgow of the Executive, which had considered the Coal Controller's offer of a war bonus of 1s 3d per shift, to take effect on Monday next, and the Executive recommended that the strike notices be withdrawn. This decision was received with acclamation.

PERTH DYERS' STRIKE.

PROPOSAL TO RESUME WORK.

MR HODGE'S STRONG RECOMMENDATION.

London, Saturday.

The following official information was issued from the Press Bureau this afternoon:—

The Minister of Labour had a long interview this morning with Mr Albert Pullar, the managing director of Pullar's Dye Works, and Mr Brown, the manager, as the result of which a conference is to be held at the Station Hotel, Perth, on Monday, September 24.

The Duke of Atholl, who has taken a very great interest in this dispute, will preside.

The employers will select representatives up to the number of six, and the workpeople are to appoint six representatives, who may be trade unionists or non-trade unionists, and may include persons not employed by the firm.

It is expected that work will be resumed on Wednesday, September 19, at 10 a.m., and the Minister strongly urges that this arrangement should be loyally accepted by both sides in the hope that it will bring this unfortunate dispute to an end.

TERMS ACCEPTABLE TO WORKERS.

Perth, Saturday Night.

The intimation that the dyers' strike was on a fair way towards a settlement was received with general satisfaction in Perth to-night.

Mr Hayhurst (Dyers' Union) and Mr Albert Pullar (of Messrs J. Pullar & Sons) were summoned to London, and a conference took place at the Ministry of Labour.

Mr Pullar again visited the Ministry of Labour to-day, and when final adjustments are made to certain proposals, as a result of the conference between representatives of the employees and employers, it is understood that the offer to be made will be acceptable to the workers.

The terms of the agreement have not as yet transpired, but it is believed that the new conditions of labour include increased wages.

A second effort by the Drumpellier Golf Club to raise funds for the benefit of the Red Cross has resulted in a net sum of £63 being collected.

LATEST NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

FROM ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND.

BY WIRE AND 'PHONE.

Edinburgh Autumn holiday is to be held on Monday.

Yesterday Greenock held a street collection for the Red Cross.

Capt. Robert L. Hannah, H.L.I., second son of Mr D. Hannah, Manor Street, Falkirk, has been awarded the Military Cross.

Armadale Horticultural Society held their annual show in the Town Hall yesterday, when a sum of £10 was raised for the Red Cross.

Saddler William Stirling, Rothesay, and Driver Duncan Weir, Millport, have been awarded the Military Medal for gallantry in France.

Private James Barbour, Seaforth Highlanders, was killed on the 31st July. He was well known in Helensburgh, where he had been in business as a grocer.

Mr Dunlop, Methil, has been appointed manager of Buckhaven Co-Operative Society in succession to Mr D. Cook, who has accepted a similar appointment in Dumfries.

For conspicuous gallantry at Salonika the Military Medal has been won by Corporal John Scott, A. and S. H., son of Mr and Mrs James Scott, Brandon Tower, Hamilton.

Captain Rev. A. H. Forbes, senior chaplain with the forces in France, has been awarded the Military Cross for distinguished service. Captain Forbes is parish minister for Cawdor, Nairnshire.

Dundee received a large number of wounded soldiers yesterday morning (160), all cot cases, for the various hospitals in the district. This is the largest consignment Dundee has ever received.

The sum of £23 14s 4d was realised yesterday by the Arbroath Bowling Club, at a Gala day, on behalf of war funds. This brings the club's total contribution to war funds for the season to £62.

Mr Robert Muir, who has been elected President of the North British Association of Gas Managers, is manager for Galston Gas Light Company. He has held the position of manager for the past twenty-five years.

Private Andrew Houston, R.A.M.C., formerly organist in Galston E.U. Congregational Church, has been presented with a gold watch and fountain pen on behalf of the congregation in recognition of his past services.

The miners employed at the Palace Colliery, Hamilton, have presented Lce.-Cpl. Roderick Mackenzie, Royal Engineers, with a gold watch and a purse of Treasury notes in recognition of his having won the Military Medal.

The Dumbarton Cadets were inspected in St James' Park yesterday by Lieutenant-Colonel H. A. Thomson. There were 180 on parade. Lieutenant-Colonel Thomson, in an address to the boys, complimented them on their smartness.

Miss Gardner, who has acted as commandant to the V.A.D. on duty at the Helensburgh Red Cross Hospital, has volunteered and been appointed to superintend similar work in France. She left yesterday to take up her new duties.

Mr Jas. A. Seddon, ex-M.P., past president of the Trades Union Congress, was advertised to address a meeting of discharged and disabled fighting men at the Mound, Edinburgh, yesterday afternoon, but he failed to put in an appearance.

The time-honoured Moss of Balloch Fair was held yesterday on the field adjoining the Loch Lomond Park at the foot of Loch Lomond. Ideal weather prevailed, and the fair was largely attended by people from the Vale of Leven, Renton, and Dumbarton districts.

Before Sheriff Smith, at Selkirk, R. A. Anderson, textile teacher, St Andrew Street, Galashiels, was charged with being an absentee under the Military Service Act. He pleaded not guilty, and his trial was fixed for Wednesday first. Accused was liberated on bail of £5.

Private George Hutchison, Cameron Highlanders, who was captured at the battle of Loos, is one of the repatriated prisoners of war from Switzerland, and has now arrived home in Paisley. He is a son of ex-Bailie Hutchison, Abbey Street, Paisley, and he joined the colours at the outbreak of war.

Dumbarton Cadet Battalion (1st A. and S.H.) were inspected yesterday afternoon at St James' Park, Dumbarton, in favourable weather. Two hundred youths were on parade, commanded by Major Hodder, Dumbarton. They were headed by the pipe band, and the inspecting officer was Lieut.-Colonel Hanson, of the 42d Divisional Training Centre.

The wedding took place yesterday in Nairn Parish Church, of Captain Sydney Hastings Binwash, Canadian Forestry Battalion, Nairn, and Miss Ella Mary Sinclair, Nairn. The ceremony was witnessed by a large number of spectators including many brother officers from the various camps in the district.

Official intimation was yesterday received in Arbroath that Lance-Corporal Steven Carrie, Royal Scots, whose wife and parents reside in Arbroath, was killed by shell on the 8th September. Lance-Corporal Carrie enlisted about 18 months ago, and has been at the front for a year. He was 25 years of age, and leaves a widow and two children.

There has been reported to the police of Dunoon the sudden death of an English visitor to the town, Mr Rakesbaw, who belongs to Blackburn. Deceased had only arrived in the town the night before, and he put up at M'Coll's Hotel, West Bay. He proceeded to bed, and the next morning he was found dead in bed. Deceased was sixty-nine years of age.

Adventures of a Glasgow Airman. **Begin This Exclusive Series To-Day**

TAM O' THE SCOUTS

LIFE WITH THE FLYING MEN ON THE WESTERN FRONT

By EDGAR WALLACE, The Famous War Correspondent, Author of "THE JOCKS AT THE FRONT."

TO-DAY we commence the first intimate record to be published of the doings of our aviators on the Western Front. Mr Edgar Wallace, who is writing this series exclusively for "The Post Sunday Special," has had exceptional facilities for studying the magnificent work of the flying men. The central figure is a Glasgow pilot who, by reason of his happy-go-lucky character, and his many daring feats in bringing Hun airmen down, is the "mascot and standard" of a certain wing of the R.F.C. in France.

LIEUT. BRIDGEMAN had gone out over the German line and strafed a depot. He stayed a while to locate a new gun position, and was caught between three strong batteries of "Archies" (anti-aircraft guns).

"Reports?" said the wing commander. "Well, Bridgeman isn't back, and Tam said he saw him nose-dive behind the German trenches."

So the report was made to headquarters, and headquarters sent forward a long account of air fights for publication in the day's communique, adding—"One of our machines did not return."

"But I doubt if he's killed," said Tam. "He flattened out before he reached earth, an' flew around a bit. Will ye no' ask Mr Lasky, sir; he's just in."

Mr Lasky was a bright-faced lad, who in ordinary circumstances might have been looking forward to his leaving hook from Eton, but had now to his credit divers bombed dumps and three enemy airmen.

He met the brown-faced, red-haired, awkwardly-built youth whom all the Flying Corps called "Tam."

"Ah, Tam," said Lasky reproachfully, "I was looking for you—I wanted you badly."

Tam chuckled.

"I thought so," he said, "but I wasna so far from the aerodrome when yon chap chased ye— "

"I was chasing him!" said the indignant Lasky.

"Oh, ay!" replied the other sceptically, "and were ye wantin' the Scout to help ye chase one poor wee Hun? Sir, I think shame on ye for misusin' the poor laddie!"

"There were four," protested Lasky.

"And yer gun jammed, I'm thinkin', so wi' rare presence o' mind ye stood up in the fusilage an' hit the nearest representative o' the Imperial German Air Service a crack over the head wi' a spanner!"

A little group began to form at the door of the messroom, for the news that Tam the Scout was "up" was always sufficient to attract an audience. As for the victim of Tam's irony, his eyes were dancing with glee.

"Dismayed or frightened by this apparition o' the super-man o' the air," continued Tam, in the monotonous tone he adopted when he was evolving one of his romances, "the enemy fled, emittin' sparks an' vapour to hide them from the vigilant eye o' young Mr Lasky, the Boy Avenger, or the Terror o' the Firmament. They darted hither and thither, wi' their remorseless pursuer on their heels, an' the sinister sound o' his bullets whistlin' in their lugs. One by one the enemy is defeated, fallin' like Lucifer in a flamin' shroud. Suddenly Mr Lasky turns verra pale. Heavens! A thought has struck him. Where is Tam the Scout? The horror o' the thought leaves him breathless, an' back he turns, an' like a hawk dips swiftly but gracefully into the aerodrome—saved!"

"Bravo, Tam!" They gave him his due reward with great handclapping, and Tam bowed left and right, his forage cap in his hand.

"Folks," he said, "ma next performance will be duly announced."

Tam came from the Clyde. He was not a shipbuilder, but was the assistant of a man who ran a garage and did small repairs. Nor was he, in the accepted sense of the word, a patriot, because he did not enlist at the beginning of the war. His boss suggested he should, but Tam went into a shipyard, and was "badged and reserved." He had reasons for doing this. His father, a shipyard worker, was in failing health. Two brothers had joined the navy, and another was in the Scottish Rifles. Therefore Tam felt that he must stay behind to help his mother. However, Tam was combed out of that, and he went to another factory, making a false statement to secure the substitution of the badge he had lost. He went into lodgings, as his work was a big distance from his home. One day his landlord, who had two sons fighting, suggested to Tam that though he'd hate to lose a good lodger he didn't think the country ought to lose a good soldier.

Tam changed his lodgings.

He moved to Glasgow, and was insulted by a fellow-workman with the name of coward. Tam hammered his fellow-workman insensible, and was fired from his job.

Every subterfuge, every trick, every evasion and excuse he could invent to avoid service in the army he invented. He simply did not want to be a soldier. He did not think that anybody wanted him to be a soldier. He believed most passionately that the war had been started with the sole object of affording his enemies opportunities for annoying him.

HOW TAM JOINED THE FLYING CORPS.

Then one day he had been sent on a job to an aerodrome workshop. He was a clever mechanic, and he had mastered the intricacies of the engine which he was to repair in less than a day.

He went back to his work very thoughtfully, and the next Sunday he bicycled to the aerodrome in his best clothes, and renewed his acquaintance with the mechanics.

Within a week he was wearing the double-breasted tunic of the higher life. He was not a good or a tractable recruit. He hated discipline, and regarded his superiors as less than equals but he was an enthusiast.

When Pangate (which is in the south of England) sent for pilots and mechanics, he accompanied his officer, and flew for the first time in his life.

In the old days he could not look out of a fourth floor window without feeling giddy; he flew over England at a height of 6000 feet, and was sorry when the journey came to an end. In a few months he was a qualified pilot, and might, had he desired, have received a commission.

"Thank ye, sir," he said to the commandant, "but I'm no' gentry. Ma faither wasna' a believer in education, an' whilst other laddies were livin' on meal at the University I was earnin' ma salt at the Govan Iron Works. I'm no' a society man, ye understand—I'd be usin' the wrong knife to eat with, an' that would bring the corps into disrepute."

His education had, as a matter of fact been a remarkable one. From the time he could read he had absorbed every boy's book that he could buy or borrow. He told a friend of mine that when he enlisted he handed to the care of an acquaintance over six hundred paper-covered volumes which surveyed the world of adventure, from the Nevada of Deadwood Dick to the Australia of Jack Harkaway. He knew the stories by heart, their phraseology, and their construction, and was wont at times, half in earnest, half in dour fun (at his own expense) to satirise everyday adventures in the romantic language of his favourite authors.

THE SAFEST AND MOST DARING OF THE SCOUTS.

He was regarded as the safest, the most daring, the most venomous of the scouts—those swift-flying spitfires of the clouds—and enjoyed a fame amongst the German airmen which was at once flattering and ominous. Once they dropped a message into the aerodrome. It was short and humorous, but there was enough truth in the message to give it a bite:—

"Let us know when Tam is buried, we would a wreath subscribe.
"Officers, German Imperial Air Service, Section ——."

Nothing ever so pleased Tam as this unsolicited testimonial to his powers.

He purred for a week. Then he learned from a German prisoner that the author of the note was the flyer of a big aviatik, and went and killed him in fair fight at a height of 2000 feet.

"It was an engrossin' an' thrillin' fight," explained Tam. "The blood was coursin' in ma veins, ma heart was fairly palpitatin'. Round an'-round we circled, now above, now below the other. With superb resolution Tam o' the Scouts nose-dived for the wee chap's tail, loosin' a drum at the puir body as he endeavoured to escape the lightnin' swoop o' the intrepid Scotsman!

"Wi' matchless skill, Tam o' the Scouts banked over, an' brought the gallant miscreant to terra-firma, puir laddie! If he'd kept ben the hoose he widna be lyin' dead the nicht. God rest him!"

TAM ABOVE THE GERMAN LINES.

You might see Tam in the early morning, when the world was dark and only the flashes of guns revealed the rival positions, poised in the early sun 14,000 feet in the air, a tiny spangle of white smaller in magnitude than the fading stars. He seemed motionless, though you knew that he was travelling in big circles at seventy miles an hour.

He was above the German lines, and the fleecy bursts of shrapnel and the darker patches where high explosive shells were bursting beneath him advertised alike his temerity and the indignation of the enemy.

What was Tam doing there so early in the morning?

There had been a big raid in the dark hours, a dozen bombing machines had gone buzzing eastwards to a certain railway station where the German troops waited in readiness to reinforce either A or B fronts. If you looked long you saw the machines returning, a group of black specks in the morning sky. The Boches' scouts are up to attack — the raiders go serenely onward, leaving the exciting business of duel a l'outrance to the nippy fighting machines which fly above each flank. One such fighter throws himself at three of the enemy, diving, banking, climbing, circling, and all the time firing "ticka, ticka, ticka, ticka" through his propellers.

The fight is going badly for the bold fighting machine, when suddenly, like a hawk, Tam o' the Scouts sweeps upon his prey. One of the enemy sideslips, dives, and streaks to the earth, leaving a cloud of smoke to mark his unsubstantial path. As for the others, they bank over and go home, namely in the case of one which falls in spirals within the enemy's lines. Rescuer and rescued land together. The fighting machine pilot is Lieutenant Burnley, the observer (shot through the hand but cheerful) Captain Forsyn.

"Did ye' no' feel a sense o' gratitude to the Almighty when you knew it was Tam sittin' aloft like a wee angel?"

"I thought it was a bombing machine that had come back," said Burnley untruthfully.

TAM AS A SATIRIST.

"Did ye hear that, sirs?" demanded Tam wrathfully. "For a grown officer an' gentleman holdin' the certificate o' the Royal Flyin' Corps to think ma machine was a bomber! Did ye look up an' see me? Did ye no' turn thankfully to yer observer when, wi' a hurricane roar, the Terror o' the Air hurtled across the sky—'Saved!' ye said to yersel, 'saved! an' by Tam! What can I do to show ma appreciation o' the hero's devotion? Why!' ye said to yersel' suddenly, 'why! I'll gie him a box o' cigars sent to me by ma rich uncle in Glesca'!"

"You can have two cigars, Tam. I'll see you to the devil before I give you any more. I only had fifty in the first place."

"Twa's no' many," said Tam calmly, "but I've nae doot I'll enjoy them wi' my educated palate better than you, sir. Cigars are for men, an' no' for bairns, an' ye'd save yerself an awful feelin' o' sickness if ye ga'e me the hale lot."

Tam lived with the men; he had the rank of sergeant, but he was as much "Tam" to the private mechanic as he was to the officers. His pay was good and sufficient. He had shocked that section of the Corps Comforts Committee which devoted its energies to the collection and despatch of literature by requesting that an effort should be made to keep him supplied "with the latest bloods." A member of the committee with a sneaking regard for this type of literature took it upon himself to ransack London for Penny Dreadfuls, and Tam received a generous stock with regularity.

"I'm no' so fond o' the new style," he said. "The detective story is verra good in its way, but I prefer descriptions o' how that grand man Deadwood Dick foiled the machinations of Black Peter, the Scourge of Hell Canyon. I've nae sort o' use for the new kind o' stories—the love stories about money. You know the sort—Harold is feelin' fine an' anxious about Lady Gwendoline's birth mark; is she the rightful heir? Oh, Heaven help me to solve the mystery! (To be continued in our next.) I'm all for blood, an' fine laddies with a six-shooter in every hand an' a bowie knife in their teeth. It's no' so intellectual, but, man, it's mair human!"

TAM TACKLES ENEMY RAIDING SQUADRON.

Tam was out one fine spring afternoon in a one-seater Morane. He was on guard, watching over the welfare of two "spotters" (scouting machines) who were correcting the fire of a "grandmother" (guns of the largest calibre) battery. There was a fair breeze blowing from the east, and it was bitterly cold, but Tam, in his leather jacket, muffled to the eyes, and with his hands in fur-lined gloves, and the warmth which his engine generated, was comfortable without being cosy.

Far away on the eastern horizon he saw a great cloud. It was a detached and imperial cumulus, a great frothy pyramid that sailed in majestic splendour. Tam judged it to be a mile across at its base, and calculated its height from its broad base to its feathery, spirelike apex at another mile.

"There's an awful lot of room in ye," he thought.

It was moving slowly toward him, and would pass him at such a level that, did he explore it, he would enter half-way between its airy foundation and its peak.

He signalled with his wireless, "Am going to explore cloud," and sent his Morane climbing.

He reached the misty outskirts of the mass, and began its encirclement, drawing a little nearer to its centre with every circuit. Now he was in a white fog, which afforded him only an occasional glimpse of the earth. The fog grew thicker and darker, and he returned again to the outer edge, because there would be no danger in the centre. Gently he declined his elevator, and sank to a lower level. Then, suddenly, beneath him, a short shape loomed through the mist, and vanished in a flash. Tam had a tray of bombs under the fusilage—something in destructive quality between a Mills grenade and a three-inch shell.

He waited.

Presently—swish! They were circling in the opposite direction to Tam, which meant that the object passed him at a rate of 140 miles an hour. Something seen the German fusilage, there was a rending crash of an explosion, and the dropped from the fusilage, there was dropped a little, swerved to the left, was out in clear daylight in a second.

Back he streaked to the British lines, wireless working frantically.

"Enemy raiding squadron in sight, take the edge a quarter up," was the acknowledgement.

He received the acknowledgement, brought his machine round to the lordly bulk of the cumulus.

Then the British "archies" began good work.

Shrapnel and high explosive burst in storm about the cloud. Looking sideways, he saw fifty stabbing pencils of flame issuing from fifty A.A. guns. Every wing piece of anti-aircraft artillery was firing upon the fleecy mass.

As Tam circled he saw white specks moving swiftly from the direction of the aerodrome, and knew that the fighting squadron, full of fury, was on its way. He had come to be a tradition in the corps that Tam had the right of initiating all attacks, and it was a right of which he was especially jealous. Now, still in the shadow of the cloud disgorging its shadowy enemies, he gave a glance at his Lewis gun and then straight for his enemies. A bullet ripped the fusilage, and ricochetted past his head. Another ripped a hole in the top plane of his wing. He looked up. He looked down, and evidently a fighting machine above had been hidden in the upper banks of the cloud, was a stiffly-built Fokker, and

"Now, lassie!" said Tam, and dived.

LIEUT. LASKY'S FATE.

Something flashed past his tail, and the machine rocked like a ship at sea. He flattened out and climbed ship at sea. He flattened out and climbed ship at sea. He going now, and one of the 'planes was slipped to its doom. The British 'archies' had ceased fire, and the fight was between machine and machine, for the squadron was now in position. Tam saw Lasky's machine glimpsed the flaming wreck below. His machine as it fell, then he found himself attacked on two sides. But he was a swifter climber, the better manœuvrer, and impartially left and right and above him was nothing above him after three minutes' prise. Then something went wrong with his engines; they missed, stopped, raced again, went on—then stopped for good.

He had turned his head to look for home, began his glide to earth.

He landed near a road by the side of which a Highland battalion was resting. He came to ground without mishap, jumped down, strapped himself and descended by the fusilage slowly, stripped off his gloves, and walked to where the interested troops were watching him.

"Where are ye goin'?" he asked, Tam's besetting vice was an unquenchable curiosity.

"To the trenches afore Massilie, sir," the man he addressed replied.

"You'll no' be calling me sir," replied Tam, "I'm a sergeant. How long are you going to stay in the trenches up yonder?"

"Four days, sergeant," said the man.

"Four days—good Lord!" gasped Tam. "I wouldna dae that work for a thousand pounds a week."

"It's not so bad," said half-a-dozen voices.

"It's verra, verra dangerous," said Tam, shaking his head. "I'm thankful I'm not a sodjer. They tried hard to make me one, but I said, 'No, laddie, give me a job——'"

"Whoo!"

A roar like the rush of an express through a junction, and Tam looked up in alarm. The enemy's heavy shell burst in the ground midway between him and his machine and threw up a great column of mud.

"Man," said Tam in alarm, "I believe it was goin' straight for ma wee machine!"

"What happened to you, Tam?" asked the wing commander.

Tam cleared his throat.

"Patrollin' by order this morning" he said, "I saw suspicious were aroused by some movements o' a bonnie big cloud. Now, wi' Tam the Scout was to act, sendin' his personal scouts ahead to investigate. Thocht for his ain personal safety, the gallant laddie brought his machine into the cloud in question, circlin' round and round in the most dangerous depths. It was a fine, brageous depths. It was a fine, Alane in the sky he ventured. Alane in the sky he ventured. Lions' den. What did he see? Why, he was a nest o' wee hornets! Then, like a bomb, he dashed madly back to the air, sendin' his S.O.S. with both thanks to his——"

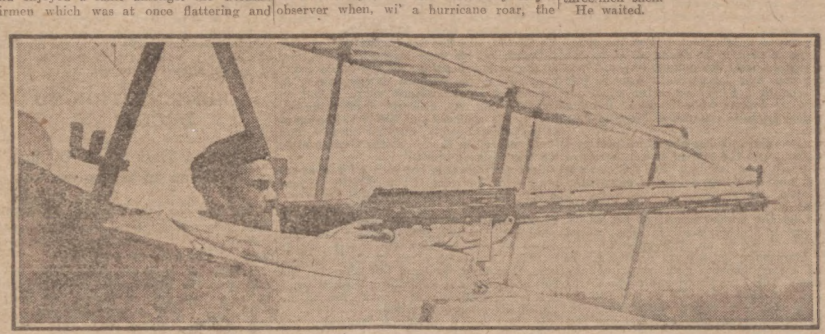
He stopped and bit his lip thoughtfully.

"Come, Tam," smiled the officer, "it's a lame story for you."

"Oh, ay," said Tam, "I'm no' in the richt spirits. How many did we have, sir?"

"Mr Lasky and Mr Brand," said the wing commander quietly.

"Poor laddies," said Tam. He rose. "Mr Lasky was a bonnie boy. I'm sorry to excuse me, Captain Thomson, but I'm no' feelin' verra well the day. I'll have a cigar aboot ye that ye winna be——"



A British airman testing the gun in a captured German aeroplane.

NEXT WEEK.

Mr Edgar Wallace will tell of Tam's exploit in bringing down a famous German airman, and of his extraordinary encounter with another Hun airman, Baron von Hausen-Bassermann.

SCOTTISH HEROES HOME FROM GERMANY.

TREATED LIKE DOGS AND TORTURED BY HALF-MAD PRUSSIAN GUARDS.

(EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEWS TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

London, Saturday Night.

Thrilling stories of their experiences in Germany are told by the repatriated Scottish soldiers who have just reached "the Fatherland countree" from Switzerland. A large number of the homecomers had been prisoners of war since 1914, and were men who composed the "Contemptible Little Army," which so valiantly resisted the onslaught of the Kaiser's hosts from Mons to the Marne.

Among the Scottish regiments represented in the repatriated ranks were Highlanders and Gordons, Fusiliers and Lowland Scottish heroes—fellows of magnificent physique, all hale, hithe, and well set-up, and a credit to their native land.

A visit to a London hospital showed the deep interest which thousands are taking in the repatriated. I found the corridors and wards crowded with people, shifting groups, all anxious to catch a glimpse of and have a word with the returned heroes.

Lieutenant Robertson, of Glasgow, was one of the first whom I encountered at the hospital. He is still in a delicate state of health as he is unlikely that he will go back for a short while.

"I've been left to the mercy of the Germans," he said, "I don't think any of them would be alive to-day. Luck had it that I fell into the hands of British doctors and nurses were among the captives and those, of course, treated and tended on their fellow-countrymen.

"All the same, these were terrible days, and I had to put up with the most awful treatment. The Germans treated us like so many dogs, and to add to our misfortunes, they used to add stories as to the disasters which had been inflicted on the French and British forces.

"There were a good many free fights between our lads and the Huns at the time, and the bayonet was freely used whenever the two nationalities came into contact. What we knew to be a lie was represented as the truth.

Scots Prisoners Killed Outright.

"Several Scotsmen were killed outright in the course of an angry struggle on a train where we were being loaded on to cattle trucks like beasts. The hatred shown to us by the guards was only surpassed by our own contempt for their treatment at Sennelager, where I was subjected to drag out a heartbreaking existence. The camps were very scantily provided with food, and privation were too terrible for words.

"I have to recall my incarceration in Sennelager, for it is nothing short of a nightmare. The guards who supervised the camp were the most brutal fellows that one could have imagined. Not content with sneering at the helpless British on every occasion, they were horsewhipped or struck without the slightest provocation, and on the slightest provocation, cruelty was carried out by the butt of a rifle. This cruelty was carried out on the express instruction of the commandant, who was a horrible type—a beastly bully imaginable. He was called before him three times for a trifling offence, and given hard labour in a coal mine.

A HEARTLESS HUN COMMANDANT.

Gordon Forced to Work in Salt Mines.

Private Wilson, of the Gordons, gave an interesting graphic account of his experiences in Germany.

"I was captured after the battle of Mons," said Wilson, "and taken to Gottingen. I could never believe that the Germans were such brutes until I was taken to this place. Although I had had a severe wound in the right arm which had never been properly dressed, I was placed in a salt mine, and had to work day and night in the foul air, and amid the most obnoxious surroundings. Several times I collapsed, and begged to be sent to the infirmary, but all my appeals were in vain. The commandant was a heartless ruffian, and when I told him that I was suffering from such dreadful pain that I could not carry me away to hospital, and I was left to die. My heart and spirit were broken as a result of this shocking treatment.

"But I was not alone in my sufferings. There were others who were subjected to terrible treatment. I saw two of my comrades meet their last under conditions that I shall never forget as long as I live. They were shot dead, and their bodies were thrown on the ghastly heap, side by side with those which were badly decomposed. Side by side they passed away in bitter agony. Not a doctor to help them in their last moments.

"I have no idea of what my people at home have no idea of what the Germans really are, and what some of the lads that have returned have suffered. I would prefer to go and fight again rather than let them have until they are beaten to the dust."

GERMAN GIRLS FOND OF THE KILT.

Touching Street Incident.

The populace were very hostile to us at first," said Corporal Alexander Dunbar, a boy who is in the Canadian Infantry. "The women were worst of all, unless you count the children. The kilts seemed to be wearing kilts. The kilts seemed to soften the hearts of even the worst against any regulation were compelled to shrew to be met in the streets of the German towns, and I have even seen smiles and flowers bestowed on kilted warriors.

"One effect of this favour to the Highlanders was that whenever a Scottish prisoner died there was a great demand for his discarded uniform, and the guards made quite a lot of money by selling the effects of deceased Highlanders to the survivors of other corps.

A Kindly German Girl.

"When we were removed to Schwerin we had to pass through crowded streets, and we were loudly hissed. As we passed by one square packed with sightseers, mostly gloating over our sufferings, I caught the eye of a young girl who was among the spitting, cursing crowd. She saw something of what I must have gone through, and, on the impulse of the moment, she ran forward and threw her arms around me. 'Oh, you poor man,' she cried, 'war is terribly cruel.' This she said in English, with a soft voice that sounded like that of an angel to me after what I had been used to. I was moved as much as she was, and could hardly keep back my tears. She was torn away roughly by two soldiers, and thrown back among the crowd amid the jeers of her own sex.

"At Gustrow we had the best time of all. For some reason the women around there were rather kind to us. The young girls used to hang about the camp, and seek opportunities of getting into conversation with us. Like their sisters elsewhere, they seemed to prefer the Highlanders, and there was a good deal of ill-feeling among those who could buy or steal kilts. The girls were always sad. They would talk of nothing else but the privations of war time, and the absence of their men folk. Nearly every one of them had doleful stories to tell of lover, brother, or father killed on the western front."

NOT GUARDS BUT FIENDS.

Springburn Soldier's Treatment in Westphalian Hospital.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

Private John Baird, K.O.S.B., who resides with his aged mother at 9 Union Street, Springburn, said that he fell into the hands of the Germans at the battle of Loos, on 25th September, 1915. He was shot through the right knee, and was insensible when taken to a field hospital in Lens by the enemy.

"When I regained consciousness," said Private Baird, "I found I had been stripped of money, boots, and everything of value, only some photographs being left. I was later sent to Birkison Hospital, Westphalia, Germany, where I remained about four months.

"In this hospital we were always hungry, being very poorly fed, our breakfast, for instance, consisting of a small bit of bread and butter and a little coffee. You could almost eat the blankets at times with hunger. On some days visitors came into the hospital to see us—not from any kindly intentions, however. Those who could talk a little English would abuse us furiously, spit in our faces on occasion, and call us 'schweinhunds,' and say we were mercenaries, fighting for money.

"After leaving hospital I was sent to Camp No. 1, Munster, Westphalia. Here, though still in a weak state, I was put to work in a moulding shop, assisting in the manufacture of stoves by doing the 'dressing'—that is, smoothing the surface of the metal. I broke down in about a week's time.

"All the prisoners were kept on starvation diet, and if it had not been for the parcels I got from home I must have gone under. A curious thing is that most of the big, strongest-looking prisoners collapsed quickest and died off as the result of their meagre diet; their systems demanded more nutrition than those of the smaller men.

Guards Who Were Half-Mad.

"The worst of our guards were the Prussians. I think some of these men were half-mad, for they would shout and roar at us on the least pretext, and would use the butt-ends of their rifles freely. If they detected any man moving about the camp after 'lights out' at night they would fire in that direction, quite indifferent as to whether they killed him or not. Frequently I have had bullets whizzing past my head in the dark, but, fortunately, never got hit.

"Our great desire was for cigarettes or tobacco in any form. It was amusing sometimes to see a sentry walking up and down smoking, with, perhaps, twenty prisoners eagerly watching his every movement, waiting till he would throw away the fag end. The Huns very often would stamp the cigarette end into the mud or throw it into a pool of water when finished, to disappoint the expectant captives. Even then, however, the 'fag' would be retrieved, and after being dried on a stove would give momentary joy to a number of prisoners in turn.

Fiendish Punishments.

"The punishments devised by our guards were fiendishly ingenious. A man was sometimes put under a hot spray in a small room till he was dripping with sweat, then cold water was poured over him. Offenders were compelled to wear a heavy pack filled with sand, with a number of bricks attached, and march up and down for hours on end. Others were compelled to stand at attention in the open air on a freezing day, and jagged with a bayonet on the least movement. I have seen men who asked for an extra bowl of 'soup'—a thin liquid made from boiled potato peelings—strapped up for long periods with the refilled bowl held in their hands just out of the reach of their mouths. It would be a difficult task indeed to attempt to enumerate all the punishments invented to crush the prisoners in this camp.

"At the time I left this camp for Switzerland, in August, 1916, the guards still professed to be confident that Germany would win the war. Their frequent jeering remark to us was 'England kaput,' but certainly the food question was beginning to trouble their minds a good deal."

ALL "BONNIE FECHTERS."

TRIBUTE TO SCOTTISH MINERS AT THE FRONT.

HAMILTON SERGEANT'S PLUCK.

(Exclusive to "The Post Sunday Special.")

Hamilton, Saturday.

"Through the medium of 'The Post Sunday Special,' which we often seen out there in the trenches, you can tell my old mates in Neilsland Colliery, Hamilton, that while I've done uncommonly well, I would like to do better yet. The Military Cross, it is true, has come my way, but I covet only one other cross, and the Hamilton boys all know what that is."

With these cheery words on his lips, Company Sergeant-Major John M'Call, of the Black-Watch, left to-day, after a brief respite amongst his own kith and kin in Hamilton, to rejoin his comrades "out there."

C. S.-M. John M'Call typifies the true spirit of the Lanarkshire miners who responded to Kitchener's call in the early days of the war. He is the second Hamilton miner who has had breakneck promotion in the army, and to whom high military honours have been awarded.

Three years ago M'Call was a coal-cutting machineman in Neilsland Colliery. He was then twenty-five years of age. Although, by reason of his employment and his domestic obligations, he could have remained at home, he responded with alacrity.

Rapid Promotion.

In the ranks of the Black Watch he has scaled the military ladder with astonishing rapidity. His first promotion was to the rank of sergeant, and now he is a company sergeant-major, and the winner of the Military Cross to boot.

His greatest achievement was on the 31st July last. The Black Watch were in a tight corner, but they were bent on wresting from the Germans a strongly-fortified redoubt. Officers fell in the struggle, but the kilted lads held on.

At one point the Black Watch were hard put to it, but Sergeant M'Call—that was his grade then—in the absence of his officers rallied the men. In the end the situation was won, and the ex-Hamilton machineman emerged a hero from the fight.

For the heroic part he played in that little affair he was awarded the Military Cross, while he ascended a further rung in the military ladder. There is reason to believe that C. S.-M. M'Call has acquitted himself creditably in other little scraps subsequent to the 31st July, and no surprise need be occasioned if the announcement of further honours in his direction is made.

This gallant soldier, who was seen at his home at 74 Portland Place, Hamilton, maintains that the miners of Lanarkshire who join the colours are "a' bonnie fechters." They never know when they are beaten, and let the campaign be ever so fierce, their one motto is always—"Carry on, boys, carry on."

EDINBURGH MILITARY MEDALLIST.

Company Sergeant-Major C. Cameron, 32d Royal Fusiliers, who hails from Edinburgh, and whose father is a Dundonian, has been awarded the Military Medal for gallantry in the field. He enlisted as a private two years ago, and has been in France fully sixteen months. He is just twenty-one years of age. C.S.M. Cameron's father was on Lord Roberts' staff during the South African campaign, was discharged, offered his services on the outbreak of the present war, and was accepted.

HOME FROM GERMANY—Continued.

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

RUBBER TRUST ATTRACTIONS.

(Specially Contributed to "The Post Sunday Special.")

London, Saturday Night.

The fortitude of the Stock markets has been severely tried during the week by the startling events in Russia, which for a time utterly demoralised the Petrograd Exchange and caused corresponding weakness in the various Russian groups of securities.

The latter are so largely held in this country and France that it was too much to expect that the slump would not leave its traces upon the London Stock Exchange and on the Paris Bourse.

Under all circumstances, however, these centres have held up very well, and if civil war be averted in Russia, as now appears likely, there is every hope of the moderate improvement now in progress developing into one of a more pronounced character.

War Loan Borrowing Prospects.

A most important question at the present time is, of course, the further ways and means which will be adopted by the Government for financing the War expenditure.

America will do a great deal, but this country will also have to continue to bear some of the burden.

According to present indications, the Chancellor of the Exchequer will continue to rely on short-term borrowing for the present, in the shape of an issue of a new series of Exchequer Bonds, bearing 5½ per cent. interest, instead of 5 per cent as at present.

If this proves successful, there will be no necessity for another regular War Loan for some time to come, and this will afford distinct relief to the investment markets as a whole, although it is still in the semi-speculative and speculative departments in which the greatest chances offer

Chinese Railway Bonds.

The group of Chinese Government Guaranteed Railway Bonds, for instance, is worthy of attention on the part of investors who wish to make certain of the complete return of their capital, together with a prospect of a substantial bonus.

Most of these loans carry 5 per cent. interest per annum, and generally stand around 80. Thus their yield alone works out to approximately 6¼ per cent. per annum.

Drawings for repayment commence in 1918 to 1921, and, as the redemption is at par, holders of the Bonds have the prospect of substantial bonuses in view of the drawings, while ultimately all the loans must be paid off at par.

Attractions of Rubber Trust Companies.

The ups and downs of other departments appear to have very little effect upon the Rubber market, which is still able to make its own way.

Prices of the commodity are firm, and it looks as if the same will reach 3s per lb. shortly, in view of the expected reduction of output which will follow the action of the Eastern Pool in restricting financial accommodation to the Ceylon and Indian Rubber Companies.

In the meantime the issue of the reports of the Eastern International and the Java Investment Loan and Agency Companies has directed fresh attention to the attractions of the Trust Companies generally. Many of these have become simply developmental companies, and they are now reaping the benefit of their enterprise, so that they should begin to yield large returns to their shareholders in the near future.

Oil Shares Justify Expectations.

Our unwavering faith in the Oil market has been fully justified, and the leading shares, after their shake-out, have come up smiling again, with Shell Transports and Burmahs in the van.

The Trinidad group has been strongly in the ascendant, and a considerable business has been transacted in Egyptian shares.

Then again, Kern Rivers have been in high feather, having reached nearly 10s on the announcement of a dividend for the past year of 10 per cent, as compared with 8 per cent. for the preceding year.

Features of the Mining Market.

The outstanding features in Mines are the activity in low-priced Rhodesian shares, a sharp advance in Barriers, combined with another rise in Silver to 53d. and the further improvement in Tin, which has now risen to £245 7s 6d for cash.

ROTHESAY TRAMCARS.

Increased Fares, But No Sunday Service.

Rothesay, Saturday.

The application of the Rothesay Tramways Company for permission to run cars on Sundays and to establish a minimum fare of 2d on the system was disposed of at a special meeting of the Town Council yesterday. On the question of Sunday cars the Council unanimously refused the company's application, while assenting to the increased fare, it being understood that residents will still be allowed to travel at the present rates by purchasing books of tickets.

THE HOUSE FAMINE AT IRVINE.

Irvine, Saturday.

The great scarcity of houses has, perhaps, been felt more in the Irvine district of Ayrshire than most places because of its sudden rise as an industrial centre and the accompanying big increase to the population.

The result is that now the most extraordinary conditions exist. Lodgings are not to be had, and to secure a house has been long out of the question. As a consequence, special workers' trains are employed daily conveying many hundreds of workmen to and from their labours.

Notices are now appearing in the local newspapers offering sums of money to those who can perform the almost impossible task of finding the smallest dwelling-house.

Begins on Friday in the PEOPLE'S FRIEND. : :

"ELSIE THORBURN" BY ANNIE S. SWAN

"ELSIE THORBURN" is a charming tale in the manner which brought Annie S. Swan her earliest triumphs. The world will never forget "Aldersyde" and "Carlowrie," and in this her latest story the great novelist goes back to those scenes and characters her portrayal of which first made her famous. Life in a quiet country town is the background of the story: against this there are scenes in the busiest industrial part of Glasgow. The interest here centres around a working-class family, whose invalid child, Wee Bell, is one of the most beautiful portraits even this favourite writer has drawn. "Elsie Thorburn" will delight all Annie S. Swan's old admirers and gain her countless new friends.

£100 IN CASH

Great New Word-Building Competition. No Coupons required. See full particulars and opening chapters of ANNIE S. SWAN'S Masterpiece in the

PEOPLE'S FRIEND

On Sale FRIDAY, September 21.

Yesterday the Eddlewood Boy Scouts, Hamilton, entertained a large company of wounded soldiers on Neilsland Estate. The colliery officials of Messrs John Watson and Co., took a special interest in the treat, which was one of considerable novelty and variety.

EE If your child is fretful, try a EE

STEEDMAN'S POWDER

It will relieve him

These Powders do not contain poison, nor are they a narcotic, but they act gently on the bowels and relieve feverish heat, thus preventing fits, convulsions, etc

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS ARE CONSTANTLY RECEIVED

EE

LATEST FROM LONDON.

BERLIN NO LONGER IMMUNE FROM AIR RAIDS

LABOUR AND HOUSE OF LORDS REFORM.

(By "Post" Special Wire.)

London, Saturday Night.

THE significance of the non-stop flight of nearly a thousand miles by an Italian officer is not likely to be lost on the German Higher Command.

It means that the Allies are now in possession of a machine which brings within radius of attack a great number of German towns which have hitherto been immune from the attentions of our airmen. Even Berlin can no longer be regarded as safe, and the great works at Essen will be more and more liable to bombing attacks.

With Nancy as a base, there would be nothing to prevent an air squadron of these new Italian aeroplanes visiting Berlin and getting back to safety. If, therefore, the Germans contemplate a big extension of their moonlight raids on London and on the great industrial centres in the provinces, they will realise that there is no practical obstacle in the way of the Allies undertaking reprisals. A raid on Berlin every time there is a raid on London would have a very salutary effect.

Labour Controversy Ends.

To-day Mr Walter Hudson, one of the railwaymen's M.P.s, notified the Prime Minister of his willingness to serve as Labour representative on the Committee appointed to consider the question of reforming the House of Lords.

The acceptance closes a controversy between the Government and the Labour Party, which protested strongly against being denied representation on the Committee. Incidentally, the appointment makes it possible for the Committee to get to work without further delay, and it is perhaps fitting that the right-away signal should come from Mr Hudson, who is a former N.E.R. guard, well known at one time on the road between York and Edinburgh.

Simultaneously with Mr Hudson's acceptance the Labour leaders have received assurances that there is no foundation for the suggestion made to the Trade Union Congress last week that the Government intends to hold up the Reform Bill until the new Second Chamber is created. The Bill will go through all its stages in the usual way this autumn, and the Government will make every effort to have the new register available for the next general election, whenever it may come.

The Chamberlains and Gladstone.

If Mr Neville Chamberlain meets with success in his quest for a seat in Parliament his debut on the floor of the House of Commons will recall a rather dramatic incident to old Parliamentary hands.

It is many years now since Mr Austen Chamberlain made his maiden speech, but the occasion is stamped on the memory of everyone who was present. It was during the bitter debates on the Home Rule Bill, and when the news went round that Chamberlain, junior, was up the House quickly filled.

Mr Gladstone was amongst those who hurried in, and when the youthful speaker sat down the then Prime Minister stepped at once to the Treasury table. Mr Joseph Chamberlain, wearing his monocle and the inevitable orchid, was sitting by his son's side. He quite misunderstood Mr Gladstone's intention, and leant forward in his seat with a fierce angry glitter in his eyes when the leader of the House rose to speak.

Mr Gladstone, however, had no malicious intentions. His sole reason for rising was to pay tribute to the speech to which the House had just listened, a speech, which, he added, turning the friendly face of old time upon Mr Chamberlain, must be very dear to a father's heart. Mr Chamberlain leant back in his seat, and it was remarked he was more moved than anyone had ever seen him in the House before.

The Kilt and German Gas.

There is a great danger that the kilt, beloved of Scotland and of all who have ever worn it—the romantic petticoat that has survived so many threats of abolition—may have to yield at last to German mustard gas.

The latter blisters the skin badly wherever it effects contact. Many men have had their faces badly blistered, and have even become half-bald, through coming in contact with the gas before they had time to adjust their helmets.

The Scottish regiments at the front are afraid, therefore, that the kilt may have to give place to the abhorred trews so far as this war is concerned. It will be a great pity if this is found necessary, for the Germans have come to entertain a very healthy respect for the "devils in petticoats." There is no suggestion, of course, of the national dress being abandoned permanently.

A Sensational Horse.

A racing correspondent sends me the interesting information that the well-known horse, Prince Palatine, has been sold to America, whither so many well-bred yearlings have gone in the last two or three years.

Prince Palatine was a sensational horse in more than one respect. He was one of the greatest bargains ever disposed of as a yearling. Mr T. Pilkington gave 2000 guineas for him, and sold him for £40,000—the price would have been £45,000 if Prince Palatine had won the Cup at Goodwood—a huge figure when it is remembered that even Flying Fox only fetched 37,500 guineas at auction after the death of the late Duke of Westminster.

As a sire Prince Palatine has not been quite the success that was expected. Possibly, as in the case of Bayardo, his progeny will not come to the front on the track until after his death.

SWEDEN'S TAINTED NEUTRALITY.

AFRAID OF THE HUN'S BIG STICK.

BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

London, Saturday Night.

IF Allied diplomatists held a plebiscite among themselves to determine which of the neutral nations had behaved in the most unsatisfactory way, the voting would probably result in Sweden being placed first, Spain second, and Holland third. And Sweden would top the poll by a thumping majority, because of the persistent and illicit manner in which she has helped Germany. Those who make comparisons between Sweden and Greece under "Tino's" rule have hit on a happy form of parallel.

How unsatisfactory Sweden's behaviour has been is a narrative yet to be fully told. The Allied Governments have not made public a tenth of the repeated remonstrances they have addressed to the Swedish Government. The tainted neutrality of this northern neutral has more than once been adverted to in these notes, and, in view of the recent revelations, a summary might be given of her past behaviour.

It will be remembered that one of the ingenious evasions of blockade laws invented by Germany was the use made of parcels mails. Small packets of rubber (in sheets and other forms) were despatched by the hundred from America to addresses in Scandanavian countries, whence, of course, they were forwarded to Germany. We stopped all such goods in transit through the post. Sweden, probably under German instigation, promptly indulged in "reprisals" and held up all Anglo-Russian mails. On other occasions Sweden has held up Russian supplies on the flimsiest excuses, particularly at moments when those supplies were urgently required in Russia.

Sincere efforts have been made by the British Government to better relations with Sweden. Swedish Trade Commissions have visited this country, and attempts have been made to set up trade associations similar to the Netherlands Overeea Trust. These associations are leagues of merchants who guarantee, under heavy penalties, that their imports shall not reach the enemy in any form. On our part, we agree not to interfere with shipments to these associations, except in cases where there is clear evidence of fraud, or intention to pass the goods on to Germany. Some such associations have been formed among Swedish merchants, who have stood by their agreements honestly. But wherever any such agreement has required ratification by the Swedish Government, it has quickly and quietly been swept into the waste-paper basket

Sweden's Fatuous Explanation

Sweden was one of the first neutral nations to declare that any belligerent submarine found within coastal waters would be fired on by Swedish warships. If applied impartially, no objection could be raised to this form of protecting neutrality. But it was not long before the discovery was made that Russian submarines invariably got shelled, while German U boats in Swedish waters were never interfered with. There is little doubt that Swedish mercantile vessels trading in the Baltic earn good pay as unofficial scouts—to put it mildly—for the German Navy. Stockholm and the seaports enjoy the liberal patronage of employees of the German Intelligence Services, and although there have been one or two unpleasant scandals, very few of these adepts in the art of "finding things out" have been deported back to Germany. Sweden has also laid minefields out to ensure her rights, but has blandly ignored Allied observations that those minefields, in some curious way, always impeded the movements of Allied warships and helped the German Navy. "None so blind as those who do not wish to see!"

In extenuation, it must be pointed out that Sweden is a Baltic state, in which sea Germany is the predominant naval power. The "big stick" is accordingly thrust under Sweden's nose and waggled in a suggestive way. If the unhappy neutral proves fractious, then the mailed fist vibrates, and Zeppelins, torpedo craft, and U boats begin to loiter about the Swedish coast.

Sweden also knows on which side her bread is buttered. Trade with Lubeck, Stettin, Swinemunde, Rostock, and other German Baltic ports has increased enormously. Swedish ores have proved invaluable to the enemy's munition supplies, the only unhappy interruption being our E boats' 1916 campaign in the Baltic. The difficulty was, however, surmounted by German warships giving convoy by arrangement to small fleets of the Swedish ore carriers. Not that this is to Sweden's discredit; it is a legitimate form of protection which the Allies use to protect shipping from the U boats.

The German Baltic Fleet protects Swedish shipping so well it is only once in a blue moon now that a Russian submarine manages to make a prize. And then it is doubtful if the capture can be kept. On one occasion a Swedish steamer was caught laden with ore consigned to a German port—contraband in every sense of the word. But the Swedish Government raised such a clatter and such a dust about that one ship she had to be let go.

Playing with Fire.

The Swedish Government's explanation of the Luxburg telegrams has been received with the derision it fully merits. A fatuous attempt is made to institute a parallel between Allied messages written "en clair"—the diplomatic terms for messages written in clear language—and German messages written in code or cypher. Commonsense and close attention to the record of German diplomacy would have taught any unbiased Government that transmitting German code messages was simply playing with fire.

In a neighbouring neutral country a German diplomatist's trunk was found full of explosives suitable for sinking shipping, and the diplomatist promptly got hoofed back to Germany. In Sweden this little indiscretion would probably be overlooked, and if attention was called to the matter the official reply would be that the trunk looked all right from the outside. It had two hinges, a lock, and the correct complement of nails, in fact, just the same as any of the trunks belonging to the Allied statesmen who go to Petrograd via Stockholm. If the German trunk exploded and wrecked a railway station, the Swedish Government would probably say it was only a bottle of brilliantine that went off.

After three years the Swedes fail to understand that, while the Allies use systems of inter-communication for lawful purposes, the German distort the same facilities for unlawful use. Mr Brantling says the Germans call the Swedes "Dummen Schweden" or "Silly Swedes." We are not surprised to hear it; it is about the correct label. If we have held up any rock-drills consigned to Sweden, we ought to let them go. They are badly wanted for meetings of the Swedish Foreign Office.

U Boats Work in Batches.

The Publicity Bureau of the U.S. Navy Department is coming in for some hard knocks at present. In reporting the attack made by the U boats on the first U.S. transports crossing the Atlantic, the Bureau exaggerated the incident into a pitched battle, but had later to water down the lurid details. It has now repeated the offence by saying that six German submarines were destroyed in the last affair near the French coast, whereas the attack on the convoy was made by six German submersibles, and only one enemy boat was sunk.

The interesting point about this episode is that it is one of the few recorded instances where U boats have acted in concert together as a flotilla. During the past two weeks the number of mercantile ships reported to have escaped attack have dropped appreciably in the Admiralty weekly returns. This gives rise to the conjecture whether the Germans are trying the plan of attacking selected targets by massed submarines. The natural result would be that the number of escapes would drop, as evidenced by the returns. A steamer can get away from a single U boat, but when surrounded by six or seven pirates there is little chance of escaping destruction. The enemy has certainly been concentrating on the big ships, over 1600 tons, and to make sure of his victims he may be trying the "flotilla" form of frightfulness.

Do U boats work together? In the early days of the piracy campaign German submarines were few, and to get the most out of them they were "turned round" at the bases, and sent to sea again as quickly as possible. They used to leave port one by one, as soon as ready for sea, and come back in the same manner. For specially important work they used to concentrate out at sea at some fixed rendezvous. One such case is that of the Lusitania, where U boats were assembled at certain points to intercept the big Cunarder, and the actual attack was made in the presence of more than one big enemy submersible.

When the hostile under-water flotillas became more numerous, it appears that batches of boats used to leave port under convoy, but at the end of the convoy's "beat" the submarines scattered, to avoid being caught in a bunch and killed together. Thereafter each boat worked by itself in destroying commercial shipping. If an outward-bound U boat met an inward-bound, the former asked the latter to report the meeting at the base.

One of those wobbly neutral stories recently recorded says that every day the pirates assemble at some fixed rendezvous, and receive instructions by wireless from Berlin. Presumably the U boats sit round in a circle and listen to the wirelessed details of where they will find the targets, and how they are to sink them. I doubt any such story. Work such as the U-boat commanders carry on is best accomplished by the "lone-hand" method, without any interference from home ports. Secondly, a congregation of submarines all heading for one point would be easily spotted, and when the U boats got to their rendezvous they might find our submarine-swatters waiting there for the meeting, which would almost certainly be marked by "disorderly interruptions from the back of the hall."

If the Germans are trying the "flotilla" method, so much the worse for them. If the Germans are collecting U boats in little squadrons, they are helping us to kill their submarines in bunches, and mortality in Hun submersibles will go up with a bound.

SWEDEN'S NEUTRALITY—Continued.

HARRY LAUDER IN NEW ROLE.

Harry Lauder here is shown selling by auction a donkey for the Red Cross Fund (East Lancashire Section) at the Lord Mayor's garden party at Heaton Park. Over £100 was realised in bids of £5 and £1 for this donkey, which has already realised £1600 at various auctions.

LIEUT. MALCOLM AND HIS WIFE.

HOPES OF A RECONCILIATION.

SOCIETY LADIES' LETTERS TO MRS MALCOLM.

(By a Special Correspondent.)

London, Saturday Night.

The greatest interest still centres in the future of Lieut. Malcolm and his beautiful young wife, and hopes are being expressed that before his return to France a complete reconciliation will be effected.

While Lieut. Malcolm has gone to the home of his relatives his wife, accompanied by Mrs Taylor, her mother, is spending the week-end at a Sussex seaside resort.

During the last three or four days much has happened to prevent Mrs Malcolm from making a complete recovery from the terrible mental strain which she has undergone. A systematic persecution has been inaugurated by anonymous letter-writers, which recall what took place after the Luard tragedy. The letters have been sent to Mrs Malcolm's London address, and have commented freely on Mrs Malcolm's relationship with De Borch and her treatment of her husband.

Anonymous Letters.

The first of these letters posted from a London suburb arrived the day after the trial, and is apparently, as are the majority, from a woman.

Although efforts have been made to keep these letters from Mrs Malcolm I learn from one who is in constant touch with her that the crusade has had an effect upon her. She has undergone a great change in appearance since the beginning of the unfortunate proceedings, and suffers a great deal from restlessness, so that her friends are very anxious about her.

Letters From Peeresses.

In fairness it must be stated that Mrs Malcolm has also had letters from others who take a womanly view of her present position, and who have tried to cheer her up. Two Peeresses well-known in London Society are among those who have assured her of their genuine interest in her trouble.

I also learn that at last Mrs Malcolm realises what a scoundrel De Borch was, having read the full account of his career during her husband's trial.

ROTHESAY'S SUNDAY.

(To the Editor of "The Post Sunday Special.")

Sir,—Rothesay, I suppose, owes its prosperity to the holidaymaker, yet in these times, when the majority of city workers are only able to snatch an occasional week-end, the Rothesay authorities have done nothing whatever to cater for the great population which spends Sunday in the town. One would have thought that the time had gone past when objection to travelling by tramcar could be made, but the Rothesay Town Council have just re'used to sanction a Sunday service. Truly, the "unco' guid" have a lot to answer for. It is evident that the Rothesay Town Councillors are among those "die-hards" for whom even the changed conditions and social standards brought about by the war have no meaning. They are intent, apparently, on keeping the Sabbath, not as a holy, but as a dreary, day.

A GLASGOW WEEK-ENDER.

LATEST COMMENTS FROM THE WORLD'S PRESS.

No Genius in Germany.

There is no more genius in Germany than in a wasp's nest, an ant-hill, or a plague of locusts, and the question is, merely, how to beat back the pests.—Truth.

Herald of the End.

The first signs of determined action on the part of the German Fleet will herald the approach of the final stage of the war.—Naval and Military Record.

Conduit Pipe For Food.

The Scandinavian countries have neither more nor less than conduit pipes for food to Germany. Their enmity would have been far less dangerous to us than their professed neutrality.—Saturday Review.

Experts.

Mr Prothero has come to the conclusion that "women can do as well as men" in things to which they have set their hands. They are even as expert as men at pounding sins they are inclined to, and doing those they have no mind to.—Truth.

Enemy Trading.

It would be foolishly optimistic to anticipate that enemy trading with neutrals will be wholly suppressed, but there is a fair prospect now that America has taken a hand in the game, and has already shown that she has no use for half measures.—Daily News.

Economy All Round.

But for the economy which has been practised by so many patriotic housewives we would not have been possible to procure a loaf at ninepence, and it will be procurable only so long as the people keep within their present allowance.—Dundee Courier.

For Ending the War.

The chances of military aviation entering into its own on a grand scale have greatly improved during the last two or three years. The War Cabinet has at last been persuaded to see, the true dimensions of the importance of the aeroplane as a means of ending the war.—The New Statesman.

Sinister Stockholm.

The complication with Sweden is the second and yet more sinister sign that the name of Stockholm, That Swedish capital of peace really meant precisely the same thing as these Swedish Bolos in diplomacy. "Stockholm" simply meant the secret signal to Berlin that it might continue to slaughter the innocent.—Daily Witness.

Polite Indeed!

A child was recently the entertainment of a soldier friend who had lost his arm. He duly schocked beforehand to take notice of his infirmity. She did never, however, but with reasoned pride in her self-control, "I said nothing, did I, mummy, except that I go to heaven and meet John the Baptist. I am sure I shall not know him, for I never lost his head!"—Nation.

Living in Our Capital.

Lord Rhondda's task is to save the country from famine. He has chosen a method by which the supplies of food will not be reduced. For a few weeks there will be everybody enjoying the lower rates. Then shops may feel happy and contented. What really will happen when the bill comes in we shall be cutting, happening still more into our capital.—Spectator.

Have Mercy on Them.

A cinema producer proposes the abolition during the war of motion for scenes calling for the use of food. The ground that supplies valued at several hundred thousand dollars per annum are wasted. There is no visible reason why we should be penalised in this respect. We must be merciful to the actors and actresses taking part in these scenes—let them eat food?—Seattle Times.

Around the Stump.

If a ship loaded with four million canned goods consigned to a firm in Petersburg were to offer to clear from the port of New York, would it be any more or less idiotic for our Government to allow a ship to depart with supplies for a nation with which we are at war? What difference would it make that the ship is to sail to Copenhagen or Stockholm, or Christiania, when there was abundant proof that the goods would be there reshipped to a German port? Or that the Scandinavian consignee has sold out to the devil around the corner? "I'll whip the devil around the stump," cried the crack will make him jump. Ghee! Hallejah?"—Los Angeles Times.

RHYMES OF WAR TIMES.

A worried young man named Kennedy
Remarked, "It's no use to defend me
"That things are all right,
"While each other we fight,
"We should see to our Russia instead of a sultan."

War bread, which we find somewhat gritty
Will be pinnepence instead of a shilling
You bet we'll go slow
When sampling the dough
But to pay the price "Barkis is willin'."

A woman, who should have a medal
When filling the new bread basket
Has gone the whole hog
And whole dog
And entered the dog in the basket
And the cat, for they sleep in the manger.

Men will tell you the time by their watches
Or hand you new papers in plenty
But now we're in trouble
It's asking for trouble
To go around borrowing matches.

Householders had better take warning
When the hands of the clock they are turning
To put them ahead
To get out of bed,
Ere retiring to bed, parks "Jix the Jester."
Or there will be some
Edinburgh.

SECRET LIFE OF COUNT DE BORCH.

CRIMINAL AND SPY—AMAZING REVELATIONS.

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

(EXCLUSIVE TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

A LITTLE oil still appears to be required in the creaking machinery which combines to synchronise the action of the Home Office, the War Office, and Scotland Yard, against spies or those who assist their associates. That the process is a slow and unsatisfactory one has just been amply illustrated.

The evidence given by the Metropolitan police in the case of Lieutenant Malcolm Kerr has aroused on all hands a distinct feeling of dissatisfaction. The Scotland Yard witnesses disclosed before the Court a curiously unsatisfactory state of affairs. The murdered man was a mysterious Russian Jew whose real name he himself "believed to be Anthony Baumberg, and who was a man of such notoriously evil reputation that it is astonishing that he should have been allowed to remain at large to prey upon his fellows, as he undoubtedly did, with spies, and to practise his habit. It is, no doubt, his habit. Many of the police is to protect the public that they admitted at the inquest that they allowed this scoundrel—for he was nothing less—to pursue his evil deeds, although as far back as March 13th last year he formed acquaintance with Mrs Malcolm, and in consequence of serious and numerous complaints, he was called to Scotland Yard and there questioned. His replies, as presented in evidence are certainly astounding.

Inspector Low, when faced by officers of the Special Branch, admitted that he had no objection whatever to the name of "Borch," as known to Mrs Malcolm, and that he had allowed himself to be the natural son of a Jew named Baumberg. He denied that he called himself a "Count," yet admitted that some people to call him by that title, and to prefix it by that mark of nobility—"de." "It was, I suppose, a kind of vanity on my part," this officer admitted airily. He then went on to admit to his interrogators how he had met a certain woman who was "interested in international affairs," a person who called herself the Baroness von Wernecker. He did not know, he said, nor had he ever heard, that this woman in question was a spy. "Gradually I got more and more friendly with her, and then we went down to Bournemouth together," he declared.

Why Was He at Large?

How we may be forgiven if we wonder why Mr Low, having ascertained these important facts, allowed such a fellow to be at large, especially if they knew that the woman Anna Meyer, alias the Baroness von Wernecker, was a spy who had been allowed to cross to France, where she had been arrested and paid the penalty. Borch's own admission he had been with this attractive female agent at five different addresses, therefore the man in question, while under our surveillance, was himself discovered by our enemy agent. There is no question as to that effect. If she had been allowed to escape to Switzerland why were not both she and her companion arrested under the Defence of the Realm Act? The general impression is that this "notorious" person seems to have been a spy himself, and should have been either interned or arrested.

Borch was a youngish man, with some pretensions to good looks, well set-up, with a taste for embroidered waistcoats, and otherwise a man of the world, without any pronounced intellectual distinction, and not a libertine, but steeped in crime to the hilt. He lived himself infamous, a purveyor of the white slave traffic, under the very noses of the authorities as such, and yet was able freely in respectable society. He would dine at the most popular restaurants in London, and continue to call himself Count de Borch!" This Count might have been arrested on a charge—as a bogus nobleman, as a card-sharper, or as an associate of thieves. That complicated official machinery which deals with such matters as that which is cracked, and thus he was allowed to go gaily upon his wicked way.

Can it be that there is some lack of co-operation between the Intelligence Department, Scotland Yard and the Home Office, whose mandate is necessary before the arrest of that character can be made?

Screw Loose Somewhere.

I do not wish for one moment to reflect in the slightest upon my friend of many years, Superintendent P. Quin, the head of the Special Branch, for I know him to be the most able, astute, and distinguished police officer in Europe. My comments here are expressed, I am sure, against the complex system which can allow in this great national existence such persons as this notorious rogue, who traded upon it and associated with a known spy—with either and with other spies without a doubt—to do as he liked. Surely such a man is dangerous! Indeed, one is utterly astounded at the fact that Lieutenant Malcolm was given admittance to the room in Forchester Place of my friend, Mr Quinn, of Scotland Yard.

In the interest of readers of "The Post Sunday Special," I sought a certain foreign police functionary of international fame, whom I have known for some years as engaged in the section of contra-espionage, and whom I have accompanied more than once upon his investigations in unravelling strange mysteries of crime. He happens to be at present in England, engaged in the work of combating German espionage.

A Clever Criminal.

My dark-eyed friend, who wears upon his finger a fine diamond presented to him by the ex-Czar, laughed, elevated his shoulders, and replied to my question:—

"Of course, we know Anton Baumberg quite well. His dossier—and quite an interesting one it is—is at the Surete. He was a Lithuanian Jew, son of a shoemaker. I had the details here with me only the other day. How I wish I could show them to you. He was a clever criminal who lived by his wits. He came to London as a humble clerk, and speaking several languages fluently, became engaged by a commercial house who, of course, knew nothing of his antecedents. He was sent to Germany upon legitimate business just before the war.

"Until then he seems to have had nothing to do with espionage. In Germany, however, he met a certain Grand Duke who also held a high position at the Russian Imperial Court, and who at the same time acted as the Kaiser's agent there.

"By him Baumberg was, no doubt, induced to act as a friend of German agents in England, and paid for his services. We know that as soon as he returned to London he made mysterious visits to Glasgow, Liverpool, and Harwich. The facts of these journeys, and the names of persons whom he visited there are all recorded in his dossier. In England, unfortunately, nobody ever seems to be suspected until he is discovered guilty. We view spies differently," he said with a smile. "And generally we find ourselves on the right track."

"Was Baumberg really a spy?" I asked.

"Tell me frankly what you think."

"He was just as guilty as his friend Anna Meyer," was my friend's response. "The pair had a pleasant time together in England, but we laid a trap for the woman and, to her cost, she fell into it. If we could have placed our hands upon the individual who was enjoying such an excellent success with a dozen other women in London at the same time, he would have paid the same penalty—and your British public would have been spared an affaire," he laughed grimly.

"I suppose he came to Paris, and that is how the Surete picked him up?" I inquired of my friend.

"All malefactors of his type go to Paris, sooner or later," said my friend. "He was at the Grand Hotel early in 1914, and was there noted as a suspicious character, being without any honest occupation, or ostensible means of living. Yet he lunched at the best restaurants, dined with some lady friend every evening, and always possessed money. Women—over whom he seemed to exercise an amazing and mysterious influence, just as in the past some other well-known criminals have done—appeared always eager and ready to furnish him with the necessary funds." And again the police official elevated his shoulder and smiled.

Secret Agent for Many Years.

That same evening, being still consumed by curiosity regarding this scoundrel whom the authorities had allowed such full liberty, I strolled in the darkness up a certain side-street off Tottenham Court Road, the centre of one of London's foreign quarters.

I paused at last at an obscure shop, where the windows were well darkened, but from within cheerful voices could be heard. The place was quite unsuspicious, and the passer-by would never dream of anything out of the way. Foreign colonies have always existed in the vortex of London life—and they always will.

Within the shop several tables were set, covered by half-dirty tablecloths with many ragged holes, and at them were seated about fifteen men and women, leisurely taking their evening meal.

It was one of the corners of what may be described as underground London. The proprietor, an old acquaintance of mine, rose instantly as I entered, and exclaimed—

"Ah, my dear friend! How unexpected! What a long time since you were here! Welcome, welcome! Come upstairs to my room."

Then, turning to the three foreigners who, with big serviettes tucked into their collars had been eating with him, he apologised that he had to entertain his old friend "Mr Johnson," as he called me, and conducted me up the stairs to his own little sitting-room. Then his manner instantly changed.

"Well," he asked anxiously, "is there more trouble for me, Mr Le Queux? I have had enough in these black days."

"My dear friend, there is no trouble," I laughed. "I know you are a good, true Briton, though you hadn't the good fortune to be born here," I whispered. "Here you keep the honey for the flies, eh?"

He laughed deeply and heartily.

"Yes. I can tell you lots. Things are happening daily, my dear friend. Lots of things I hear down below."

"Well," I said, "I have come to ascertain what you know about this fellow, Count de Borch."

"Oh, Antoine! Phew! Why, of course, I have known him since four years—a secret agent, no doubt. I told our friend G—— of him a year ago. J—— (the foreign police official to whom I have referred above) was here three months ago making inquiries, and I told him. Antoine used to come here very often. He was frequently with S—— and T——. Both have been arrested and deported, I believe." And he mentioned the names of two men who had been discovered to be spies. "But oh, Mr Le Queux, I have to be so careful, you know," he went on, "so terribly careful! Our old friend W—— (an ex-detective of Scotland Yard) was here yesterday. We had coffee together, and we were wondering where you were."

"Now, Henri," I asked confidentially, "tell me frankly. What is your opinion of this so-called Count?"

"The Count!" he exclaimed. "Bah! They should have arrested him long ago. He was a bad fellow, a spy, and a blackguard. He sometimes came here in secret with women — smart, well-dressed ladies who moved in society. Once I heard the scoundrel address his companion as 'Lady Somebody.' Oh! yes. Antoine moved in the smart set, there is no doubt. But in London, in these wild, extravagant, ill-living days, what can you expect?"

His Friends in London.

"Then you think he possessed some friends in London society?"

"Think!" echoed my friend. "I do not think. I know. He knew persons in the best circles. Of two ladies who came here with him I know their names—names which would come as a shock if they were published. I reported this in a certain quarter," he said. "When I read the trial in the papers I wondered how many other well-known women in London were trembling lest their indiscreet letters to the gay 'Count' were published, or produced at the Old Bailey."

"Do you really think there are many such ladies?" I asked eagerly.

"I am sure of it! Only a week before the fellow was shot—and he ought to have been killed long ago—he brought here a certain young society lady who was a war bride not a year ago. She was one of the spy's most intimate friends, and through her, in all probability, he had been able to obtain quite a lot of important information from official quarters, which he duly passed on. Yes," declared my friend. "It all amazes me! Why did not they arrest the 'Count' long ago? Everyone regarded him as a spy. His friends at table, when he came here and had his modest meal—as he did sometimes when unduly hard-up—always viewed him as such."

I drained my little glass of friendliness and went back through the darkness to the Tottenham Court Road, and on to my club, full of grave reflections.

Once again I asked myself by what subtle or secret influence had that "piece of human refuse"—as he was described at the Old Bailey—been allowed to work his evil upon women and prey upon society? Who can answer? Will the mystery ever be elucidated? Whose was the hidden hand who concealed the scandalous misdeeds until that terrible tragedy opened a searchlight upon them?

SECRET LIFE OF COUNT—Continued.

HUN ADMIRAL'S CONFESSION.

"WE STICK AT NOTHING."

(Specially Contributed.)

A RECENT interview with Admiral Scheer was published in the Leipziger Neueste Nacrichten. "Our U boats will manage it," says the Admiral. "Hindenburg is of the same opinion. We are backing German tenacity against British obstinacy. All honour to British obstinacy; we must take off our hats to it, but when there is so much in the balance we Germans stick at nothing.

"It is true that of late conditions have not been very pleasant for us. But the German nation is used to privations; we are, thank goodness, not so spoilt as the well-nourished Briton. What he has yet to learn we know already. It is my firm belief that the Briton can never stand the hardships that a German will."

A Double-Dealing Chancellor.

The Berliner Tageblatt publishes an attack by Professor Delbruck against Dr Michaelis. It is quite evident that the Professor voices the discontent of the masses with the new Chancellor's policy. Why has Dr Michaelis found it necessary to appoint the Free Committee (asks the paper). The honest truth is that he does not possess the confidence of the Reichstag. How can we otherwise account for the happenings of the last few weeks? Does the Reichstag know what policy the Chancellor is following up? The German nation is certainly absolutely in the dark, and the happenings of the last few weeks have not enlightened them.

Professor Delbruck goes on to say that the Chancellor may be seeking peace, but, if so, he is seeking it on the wrong track. Were he in favour of the peace policy he should not fight shy of the conflict with the pan-German party, who want the war to continue. It is high time to make a bid for the sympathy of the world. This great opportunity was offered Dr Michaelis by Mr Asquith when he demanded in the House of Commons "whether Germany was prepared to evacuate and indemnify Belgium and to give her not only the appearance of freedom, but absolute and full independence." But the Chancellor remained dumb to that question as to all others. The present opinion abroad is that the Reichstag is powerless, and that the Chancellor is given to double-dealing.

"The Town Crier."

In many towns in Germany the old fashion of a "town crier" has been revived. This man rings his bell and shouts the news, or also (and this of greater importance to the hungry Deutchers) when a sale of foodstuffs is to take place at any particular store in town. This is done to save space in the advertisement columns of the newspapers.

HAIG READY TO STRIKE A NEW BLOW.

THE NEW CRISIS IN RUSSIA—MISGIVINGS ABOUT KERENSKY'S POSITION

By GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE).

London, Saturday Night.

EVERYTHING else that has happened this week has been dwarfed into insignificance by the news which has reached us from Petrograd of the new crisis which has arisen in Russian affairs. Public attention has been concentrated to such an extent on the struggles between M. Kerensky and General Korniloff that events in the West and on the Italian front have hardly attracted any notice whatever.

In point of fact there has been very little to notice The Italian offensive continues, and at length General Cadorna has been able to announce the occupation of the crest of St Gabriele. The mountain and ridge appear to have been won, lost, and won again before our Italian Allies were able to consolidate the position and make their possession a permanent one.

General Cadorna is meeting with increasing resistance from the Austrians, and there can be no doubt that this stiffening of the defence is directly attributable to the anarchy prevailing in Russia.

On the Western front the mixed character of the weather has delayed the drying up of the ground, and deferred, in consequence, Sir Douglas Haig's preparations for resuming the offensive in Flanders, but there are signs of a quickening of activity. The guns are speaking again with no uncertain voice, and at any moment we may hear that the armies are at death-grips once again.

It is a sure instinct which regards the events in Russia as carrying with them momentous consequences for the Allied cause. The latest news suggests that the counter revolution is petering out. If we may treat the reports that come to us from Petrograd General Korniloff's forces are falling away from him. The Generalissimo, himself, still holds out, and it may be that Alexeieff's visit to main headquarters is concerned with efforts at mediation. Everyone will hope that it is so. Such private advices as are available suggest that much of what has been happening during the last few days has been the result of a deplorable misunderstanding.

A short time ago there seemed a really excellent prospect that M. Kerensky would come into line with General Korniloff, and with the cossack and conservative elements in Russia. He might have retained the premiership, for his most bitter enemies hardly suggest that General Korniloff has been animated in what he has done by motives of personal ambition. It is policy rather than men that matters in Russia, and everyone must view with some misgiving the evidences which emerge that M. Kerensky is being driven into the camp of the Soviet.

Kerensky and the Soviet.

Whatever may be the ultimate result of the upheaval, it must be manifest to everyone that this new crisis in the East must tend still further to retard our Ally's recovery.

The hope was that M. Kerensky and General Korniloff would be able to work amicably together. The policy they were individually pursuing differed only in degree. The Prime Minister showed a disposition to temporise with the extreme elements, and endeavoured to put off the Generalissimo with half measures.

General Korniloff's belief always was that discipline could only be restored to the Russian Armies by the establishment of something in the nature of a military dictatorship.

In this it would appear that most of the generals were with him. This much is to be gathered from the fact that M. Kerensky experienced much difficulty in finding a successor to General Korniloff in the post of Commander-in-Chief.

The struggle at Petrograd, in short, has really been one between General Korniloff and the Soviet, into whose arms M. Kerensky has been driven by the pressure of events. And the Soviet is the body which, through the Soldiers' Committees which it represents, has been responsible in some degree for the break up of discipline in the army.

Dangers of a Separate Peace.

But the question which most concerns the Allies is the effect all this must produce on the fortunes of the great war. The worst that could happen, of course, would be the conclusion by Russia of a separate peace with the enemy. On first reflections such a consequence may not seem very probable. For both factions in Russia have protested their determination to observe their honourable obligations to the Allies, and to continue the war. But the force of circumstances might conceivably drive Russia into the conclusion of a separate peace.

The effect would be greatly to strengthen the position of the Central Empires in the Western theatre of war and on the Italian front. It is true that for many months past Germany has found it necessary to maintain only second-class troops on the Eastern front. But these troops would be invaluable for work on her lines of communication in the West, and would relieve men for work in the trenches.

The conclusion by Russia of a separate peace would tend, in short, to neutralise next spring the effect of America's entrance into the war. We must hope, therefore, that no such consequences as this may follow, but that the crisis in Russia may be speedily and decisively cleared up, so that time may be afforded to the Government at Petrograd to reorganise the armies in preparation for an offensive next year.

There are suggestions that if the need arises Japan would be quite prepared to send a strong army to the Eastern front to give assistance to the Russian Government. There have even been rumours of the massing of troops in Manchuria in preparation for such an eventuality.

Russia hitherto has been reluctant to accept tenders of assistance from this quarter. There was similar hesitancy in London and Paris when proposals were mooted for the despatch of a Japanese Expeditionary Force to France in the earlier days of the war. In that case the problem of transport had to be seriously examined, but the difficulties in this particular are less conspicuous in the plan for sending Japanese troops to the East than in the scheme for sending them to the West.

Germany's Man-Power.

There is one aspect of the existing situation which has hardly received the attention which it deserves. Observant people are noticing that Germany is extraordinarily slow to take advantage of the opportunity that presents itself of striking a staggering blow against Russia whilst our Eastern Ally is still reeling in internal discord.

The probable explanation of this is that Von Hindenburg's available man-power has been reduced to such an extent by the fighting in the West that he is in no position to undertake any ambitious adventures into the heart of Russia.

No doubt Germany's losses in the war have been greatly exaggerated in some quarters. Much has been made of the phrase, "Over a million war widows," which has crept into the Berlin newspapers during the last few weeks. It is quite possible that the phrase is entirely justified. But it is altogether wrong to base on this elaborate calculations of the enemy's total losses, worked out on the proportion of married to single men known to be in the German Army at the beginning of the war.

It is exceedingly improbable that this proportion remains the same to-day as three years ago. The proportion of married men has probably increased very largely, and despite the fact that a large number of young lads have been recruited.

Our own experience in this respect is almost certainly the same as the German experience. The war has sent up the marriage rate to an extraordinary extent. The social causes of this need not be examined here, though they are of a kind which must produce a very serious problem for statesmen when the war is over. It is rather rash to assume, however, that the existence of "Over a million war widows" in Germany postulates more than twice that number of Germany military dead.

Nevertheless, it is patent that the drain of the war on Germany's available man-power begins to be felt with much severity, and the fact is of the utmost importance if it gives Russia breathing time to recover from the sickness which she exhibits here. And despite the comparative lull occasioned by the weather, the rate of mortality on the Western front continues to go on at a speed far greater than is commonly supposed.

The Winter Outlook.

The Russian debacle is not regarded as disposing of the probability that Germany will make a desperate effort to secure peace before the end of the year. Much will depend on the speed with which the Russian crisis is settled; but the Kaiser will probably consider the moment exceedingly opportune for a fresh effort to secure an inconclusive peace.

But if this is his attitude the prospects of anything resulting from the negotiations he may set on foot are exceedingly remote. All the indications are that we must set ourselves to face the rigours of another winter campaign. The strain will be a severe one, especially if the public insist on going through once more that process of national self-analysis, which imposes on the public morale a far greater strain than actual military defeat.

Nevertheless, the general economic position continues not unsatisfactory when it is remembered that we have experienced more than three years of devastating war, which has made unexampled demands both on our finance and on our man-power. And if the Germans are really hoping to end the war by their submarines the winter months should go a long way to destroy this pleasing illusion.

So far as our food supplies are concerned we can look forward to the future with relative confidence. There may need to be compulsory rationing in other things than sugar, but it is satisfactory to learn that the storms we experienced in August have not caused nearly so much havoc as was at one time feared. Thanks in some measure to the efforts of allotment-holders, there promises to be not merely a sufficiency, but ample supplies of potatoes, the grain harvest is good, the supplies of live stock have been maintained at a satisfactory level, and even the talk about a shortage of tea is wholly lacking in foundation. As a precautionary measure the Government is commandeering supplies in India and Ceylon, and since tea does not take up much space on shipboard there will be no difficulty in providing all that is required for consump

Fischer is Called on to Answer Some Awkward Questions.

The Girl From New York

A Tale of the Secret Service

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

The Beginning of the Story.

Pamela Van Teyl, a beautiful American girl, is believed by

Oscar Fischer, an American millionaire of German origin, to be in possession of the stolen formula of a wonderful new explosive.

Nikasti, a Japanese, wants the formula for Japan, but

John Lutchester, a languid Englishman, whose sole interest appears to be sport, intervenes on Pamela's behalf when she is hard pressed by Fisher and the Jap.

Fischer believes that he has secured the formula, and that it is now in Germany. Nikasti is given a letter from the Kaiser, urging the Emperor of Japan to desert the Allies and attack America.

Lutchester succeeds in reading the letter. He tells the Jap that this is but a trick of Germany's, and says he will bring him evidence that will prove Germany's duplicity.

Fischer gambles heavily in Anglo-French shares after receiving private advice respecting Germany's "victory" at Jutland. He induces Pamela to dine with him in a New York restaurant, and while they are discussing the British Admiralty report of the battle in the North Sea, Lutchester enters the restaurant with a French singer named Sonia. Afterwards, in Sonia's sitting-room, Lutchester warns the French-woman that she is running grave danger of being arrested as a spy.

"Would you care to be branded as a spy?—you, a daughter of France?" Lutchester asks.

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

SONIA struck at Lutchester. Her lace sleeves had fallen back, and her white arm, with its little clenched fist, flashed through the twilight, aimlessly yet passionately.

"You dare to call me a spy! You, John?" she shrieked. "But it is horrible."

"It is espionage," he told her gravely, "to bring a letter from any person in a friendly capital and deliver it to an enemy. That is what you have done, Sonia, many times since the beginning of the war, so far without detection. It is because you are Sonia that I have come to save you from doing it again."

She groped her way back to the couch. She threw herself upon it with her back towards him, her head buried in her hands.

"The letters are only between friends," she faltered. "They have nothing to do with the war."

"You may have believed that," Lutchester replied gently, "but it is not true. You have been made the bearer of confidential communications from the Austrian Embassy here to certain people in Paris whom we will not name. I have pledged my word, Sonia, that this shall cease."

She sprang to her feet. All the feline joy of her langourous ease seemed to have departed. She was quivering and nervous. She stood over her writing-table.

"A despatch form!" she exclaimed. "Quick! I will not see Maurice again. Oh, how I have suffered! This shall end it. See, I have written 'Goodbye!' He will understand. If he comes, I will not see him. Ring the bell quickly. There—it is finished!"

A page-boy appeared, and she handed him the telegram. Then she turned a little pathetically to Lutchester.

"Maurice was foolish—very often foolish," she went on unsteadily, "but he has loved me and a woman loves so much. Now I shall be lonely. And yet, there is a great weight gone from my mind. Always I wondered about those letters. You will be my friend, John? You will not leave me all alone?"

He patted her hand.

"Dear Sonia," he whispered, "solitude is not the worst thing one has to bear these days. Try and remember, won't you, that all the men who might have loved you are fighting for your country, one way or another."

"It is all so sad," she faltered, "and you—you are so stern and changed."

"It is with me only as it is with the whole world," he told her. "To-night, though, you have relieved me of one anxiety."

Her eyes once more were for a moment frightened.

"There was danger for poor little me?"

He nodded.

"It is past," he assured her.

"And it is you who have saved me," she murmured. "Ah, Mr John," she added, as she walked with him to the door, "if ever there comes to me a lover, not for the days only but pour la vie, I hope that he may be an Englishman like you, whom all the world trusts."

He laughed and raised her fingers to his lips.

"Over-faithful, you called us once," he reminded her.

"But that was when I was a child," she said, "and in days like these we are children no longer."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Lutchester left Sonia and the Ritz-Carlton a few minutes before midnight, to find a great yellow moon overhead, which seemed to have risen somewhere at the back of Central Park. The broad thoroughfare up which he turned seemed to have developed a new and unfamiliar beauty. The electric lamps shone with a pale and almost unnatural glow. The flashing lights of the automobiles passing up and down were almost whimsically unnecessary. Lutchester walked slowly up Fifth Avenue in the direction of his hotel.

Something—the beauty of the night, perhaps, or some faint aftermath of sentimentality born of Sonia's emotion—tempted him during those few moments to relax. He threw aside his mask and breathed the freer for it. Once more he was a human being, treading the streets of a real city, his feet very much upon the earth, his heart full to the simplest things. All the scheming of the last few days was forgotten in the great issues, the fine yet devious way to be steered amidst the rocks which beset him; even the depression of the calamitous news from the North Sea passed away.

He was a very simple human being, and he was in love. It was all so unpractical, so illusionary, and yet so real. Events, actual happenings—he thrust all thoughts of these away from his mind. What she might be thinking of him at that moment he ignored. He was content to let his thoughts rest upon her, to walk through the moonlit streets, his brain and heart revelling in that subtle facility of the imagination which brought her so easily to his presence. It was such a vividly real Pamela, too, who spoke and walked and moved by his side. His memory failed him nowhere, followed faithfully the kaleidoscopic changes in her face and tone, showed him even that long, grateful, searching glance when their eyes had met in Van Teyl's sitting-room. There had been times when she had shown clearly enough that she was anxious enough to understand, anxious to believe in him. He clung to the memory of these; pushed into the background that faint impression he had had of her at the roof-garden, serene and proud, yet with a faint look of something like pain in her startled eyes.

A large limousine passed him slowly, crawling up Fifth Avenue. Lutchester, with all his gifts of observation dormant, took no notice of its occupant, who had turned and raised the speaking-tube to his lips, and talked for a moment to his chauffeur. The car glided round a side street and came to a standstill against the curb. Its solitary passenger stepped quietly out and entered a restaurant. The chauffeur backed the car a little, slipped from his place, and followed Lutchester.

By chance the little throng of people here became thicker for a few moments and then ceased. Lutchester drew a little sigh of relief as he saw before him almost an empty pavement. Then, just as he was relapsing once more into thought, some part of his subconscious instinct suddenly leaped into warning life. Without any actual perception of what it might mean, he felt the thrill of imminent danger, connected it with that soft footfall behind him, and swung round in time to seize a deadly uplifted hand which seemed to end in a shimmer of dull steel.

His assailant flung himself upon Lutchester with the lithe ferocity of a cat, clinging to his body, twisting and turning his arm to wrest it free. It was a matter of seconds only before his intended victim, with a fierce backward twist, broke the man's wrist and, wrenching himself free from the knees which clung around him, flung him forcibly against the railings which bordered the pavement.

Lutchester paused for a moment to recover his breath and looked around. A man from the other side of the street was running towards them, but no one else seemed to have noticed the struggle which had begun and finished in less than thirty seconds. The man, who was half-way across the thoroughfare, suddenly stopped short. He shouted a warning to Lutchester, who swung round. His late assailant, who had been lying motionless, had raised himself slightly, with a revolver clenched in the left hand.

Lutchester's spring on one side saved his life, for the bullet passed so close to his cheek that he felt the rush and heat of the air. The man in the centre of the road was busy shouting an alarm vociferously, and other people on both sides of the thoroughfare were running up. Lutchester's eyes now never left the dark, doubled-up figure upon the pavement. His whole body was tense. He was prepared at the slightest movement to spring in upon his would-be murderer. The man's eyes seemed to be burning in his white face. He called out to Lutchester hoarsely—

"Don't move or I shall shoot!"

He looked up and down the street. One of the nearest of the hastening figures was a policeman. He turned the revolver against his own temple and pulled the trigger.

Lutchester and an inspector of police walked slowly back along Fifth Avenue. Behind them, a little crowd was still gathered around the spot from which the body of the dead man had already been removed in an ambulance waggon.

"I really remember nothing," Lutchester told his companion, "until I heard the footsteps behind me, and, turning round, saw the knife. This is simply an impression of mine—that he might have descended from the car which passed me and stopped just round the corner of that street."

"He's a chauffeur right enough," the inspector remarked. "It don't seem to have been a chance job, either. Looks as though he meant doing you in. Got any enemies?"

"None that I know of," Lutchester answered cautiously. "Why, the car's there still," he added, as they reached the corner.

"And no chauffeur," the other muttered.

The inspector searched the car, and drew out a license from the flap pocket. The commissionaire from the restaurant approached them.

"Say, what are you doing with that car?" he demanded.

"Better fetch the gentleman to whom it belongs," the inspector directed.

"What's up, any way?" the man persisted.

"You do as you're told," was the sharp reply.

The commissionaire disappeared. The inspector studied the license which he had just opened.

"What's the name?" Lutchester inquired.

The man hesitated for a moment, then passed it over.

"Oscar Fischer," he said. "Happen to know the name?"

Lutchester's face was immovable. He passed the license back again. They both turned round. Mr Fischer had issued from the restaurant.

"What's wrong?" he asked hastily. "The commissionaire says you want me, Mr Superintendent?"

The inspector produced his pocket-book.

"Just want to ask you a few questions about your chauffeur, sir."

Fischer glanced at the driving-seat of the car, as though aware of the man's disappearance for the first time.

"What's become of the fellow?" he inquired.

"Shot himself," the inspector replied, "after a deliberate attempt to murder this gentleman."

Mr Fischer's composure was admirable. There was a touch of gravity mingled with his bewilderment. Nevertheless, he avoided meeting Lutchester's eyes.

"You horrify me!" he exclaimed. "Why, the fellow's only been driving me for a few hours."

"That so?" the inspector remarked, with a grunt. "Got any character with him?"

"As a matter of fact, I did not," Fischer admitted frankly. "I discharged my chauffeur yesterday, at a moment's notice, and this man happened to call just as I was wanting the car out this afternoon. He promised to bring me references to-morrow from Mr Gould and others. I engaged him on that understanding. He told me that his name was Kay—Robert Kay. That is all that I know about him, except that he was an excellent driver. I am exceedingly sorry, Mr Lutchester," he went on, turning towards him, "that this should have happened."

"So you two know one another, eh?" the inspector observed.

"Oh, yes, we know one another!" Lutchester admitted drily.

"I shall have to ask you both for your names and addresses," the official continued. "I think I won't ask you any more questions at present. Seems to me the Magistrate had better take this on."

"I shall be quite at your service," Lutchester promised.

The man made a few more notes, saluted, and took his leave. Fischer and Lutchester remained for a moment upon the pavement.

"It is a dangerous custom," Lutchester remarked, "to take a servant without a reference."

"It will be a warning to me for the remainder of my life," Fischer declared.

"I, too, have learnt something," Lutchester concluded, as he turned away.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Fischer, as he waited for Pamela the following afternoon in the sitting-room of her flat on Fifty-Eighth Street, felt that although the practical future of his life might be decided in other places, it was here that its real climax would be reached. Pamela herself was to pronouce sentence upon him.

He was feeling scarcely at his best. An examination in the courthouse, which he had imagined would last only a few minutes, had been protracted throughout the afternoon. The State attorney had asked him a great many questions, some rather awkward ones, and the inquiry itself had been almost grudgingly adjourned for a few hours. And here, in Pamela's sitting-room, the first things which caught his eyes were the headlines of one of the afternoon papers:—

WESTERN MILLIONAIRE ENGAGES THE GIRL HESTE'S MURDERER AS CHAFFEUR!

ATTEMPTED MURDER AND SUICIDE IN FIFTH AVENUE LAST NIGHT.

Fischer pushed the newspaper impatiently away, and, in the act of doing so, the door was opened and Pamela entered. She came towards him with outstretched hand.

"I see you are looking at the account of your misdeeds," she said, as she seated herself behind a tea-tray. "Will you tell me why a cautious man like you engages, without reference, a chauffeur who turns out to be a murderer?"

"For four hours," he complained, "several lawyers and a most inquisitive magistrate have been asking me the same question in a hundred different ways. I engaged the man because I needed a chauffeur badly. He was to have brought his references this morning. I was only trusting him for a matter of a few hours."

"And during these few hours," she observed, "he seems to have developed a most violent antipathy to Mr Lutchester."

"I do not understand the affair at all," Mr Fischer declared, "and, if I may say so, I am a little weary of it. I came here to discuss another matter altogether."

She leaned back in her place.

"What have you come to discuss, Mr Fischer?"

"That depends so much upon you," he replied. "If you give me any encouragement, I can put before you a great proposition. If your prejudices, however, remain as I think they always have been, on the side of Britain, why, then I can do nothing."

"If I counted for anything," Pamela said, "I mean to say, if it mattered to anyone what my attitude was, I would start by admitting that my sympathies are somewhat on the side of the Allies. On the other hand, my sympathies amount to nothing at all compared with my interest in the welfare of the United States. I am perfectly selfish in that respect."

"Then you have an open mind to hear what I have to say," Fischer remarked. "I am glad of it. You encourage me to proceed."

"That is all very well," Pamela said, stirring her tea, "but I cannot help asking once more why you come to me at all? What have I to do with any proposition you may have to make?"

"Just this," he explained. "I have a serious and authentic proposition to make to the American Government. I cannot make it officially—although it comes from the highest of all sources—for the most obvious reasons. It may seem better worth listening to to-day, perhaps, than a week ago, so far as you are concerned. That is because you believed in British invincibility upon the sea. I never did."

"Go on, please," Pamela begged. "I am still waiting to realise my own position in all this."

"I should like," Fischer declared, "my proposition to reach the President through Senator Hastings, and Senator Hastings is your uncle."

"I see," Pamela murmured.

"My offer itself is a very simple one," Fischer continued. "Your secret service is so bad that you probably know nothing of what is happening. Ours, on the other hand, is still marvellously good, and what I am going to tell you is surely the truth. Japan is accumulating great wealth. She is saving her ships and men for one purpose, and one purpose only. Europe could not bribe her highly enough to take a more active part in this war. Her price was one which could not be paid. She demanded a free hand with the United States."

"This," Pamela admitted, "is quite interesting, but it is entirely in the realms of conjecture, is it not?"

"Not wholly," Fischer insisted. "At the proper time I should be prepared to bring you evidence that tentative proposals were made by Japan to both Britain and France, asking what would be their attitude should she provide them with half a million men and undertake transport, if at the conclusion of the war she desired a settlement with the United States. The answer from France and Britain was the same—they could not countenance an inimical attitude towards the States."

"You are bound to admit, then," Pamela remarked, "that Britain played the game here."

"The bribe was not big enough," Fischer replied drily. "Britain would sell her soul, but not for a mess of potage. To proceed, however, Japan has practically kept out of the war. She is enjoying a prosperity never known before, and for every million pounds' worth of munitions she exports to Russia she puts calmly on one side 25 per cent. to accumulate for her own use. At the conclusion of the war she will be in a position she has never occupied before, and, while the rest of the world is still gasping, she will proceed to carry out what has been the dream of her life—the invasion of your Western States."

"I admit that this is plausible," Pamela confessed, "but you are only pointing out a very obvious danger, for which I imagine that we are already fairly well prepared."

"Believe me," Fischer said earnestly, "you are not. It is this fact which makes the whole situation so vital to you. Later on in our negotiations I will show you proof of your danger. Meanwhile, let me proceed to the offer which I am empowered to make, which comes direct from the one person in Germany whose word is unshakable."

Pamela changed her position a little, as though to escape from the sunlight which was finding its way underneath the broad blinds. Her eyes were fixed upon her visitor. She listened intently to every word he had to say. Despite some vague feeling of mistrust, which she acknowledged to herself might well have been prejudice, she found the situation interesting, even stimulating. Her few excursions into the world of high politics had never brought her into such a position as this. She felt both flattered and interested—attracted, too, in some nameless way, by the man's personality, his persistance, his daring, his whole-heartedness. The situation was instinct with interest to her.

"But why make it to me?" she murmured.

"You are to be my delegate," he answered. "Take the substance of what I say to you to your uncle. Try, for your country's sake, to interest him in it. The offer which I make shall save you a vast amount of sacrifice. It shall save your dislocating the industries of the country and sowing the seeds of a disturbing and yet inadequate militarism. I offer you, in short, a German alliance against Japan."

"The value of that offer," Pamela remarked thoughtfully, "would depend rather upon the issue of the present war, wouldn't it?"

Fischer's face darkened. His tone was almost irritable.

"That is already preordained," he said firmly. "You see, I will be quite frank with you. Germany has lost her chance of sweeping and complete victory. The result of the war will be a return to the status quo ante. Yet, believe me, Germany will be strong enough to settle some of the debts she owes, and the debt to Japan is one of these."

"Still, there is the practical question of getting men and ships over from Germany to America," Pamela persisted.

"It is already solved," was the swift reply. "At the proper time I will show you and prove how it can be done. At present, not one word can pass my lips. It is one of the secrets on which the future of Germany depends."

"And the price?" Pamela asked.

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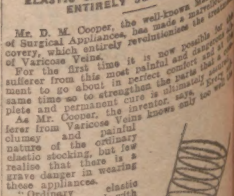

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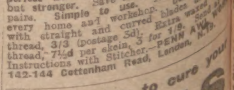

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Exclusively Written For "The Post Sunday Special."

A Volunteer Tip.

The Volunteers of Alloa accidentally discovered a new drink the other day while drilling. The recipe is—one onion to one pail of water! Other Volunteer battalions can try this if they care!

Tempting!

Extract from H.L.I. man's letter received from France this week:—"We've been marching through country lanes where trees full of ripe, luscious pears overhang the roads on both sides. But we mustn't touch the fruit." How the tired Tommies' mouths must water.

At Highland Mary's Grave.

The old kirkyard at Greenock, Highland Mary's "place of blissful rest," is, writes a visitor, overrun with weeds. My correspondent thinks that those local people who are raising a hullaballoo about its proposed removal should have shown a proper interest in it in the past and seen to it that it was well kept. To get to the world-famed shrine one has to wade almost up to the waist in rank grass.

A Popular Young Officer.

Argyllshire friends have learned with deep regret that Lieutenant Marc A. Noble has died of wounds. Twenty years of age, he was a grandson of the late Sir Andrew Noble of Ardkinglas, and a frequent visitor at Lochfyneside.

The Laird of Rhum.

Sir George Bullough of Rhum, who has long been acting as superintendent of the Remount Department, has been able to snatch a few days to visit his island home. His excellent record of public service since the outbreak of war has been recognised by creating him a Baronet. His contribution to the first War Loan was a free and absolute gift of £10,000, and he has placed his fine Hebridean mansion at the disposal of the Government for hospital purposes.

A "Heady" Scheme.

A very clever Japanese artiste at present touring the Scottish halls is performing the almost incredible feat of climbing up a flight of stairs on his head. A resourceful gentleman from Milngavie took his wife to see the show recently, and when he was discovered in a very undignified attitude on the bedroom stairs in the early hours of yesterday morning he informed his inquiring better half he was trying to emulate the feat of the Jap, and, wonderful to relate, in the words of Harry Lauder, "it worked."

The Food Beverage for all War Workers.
Vi-Cocoa

EVERYTHING FOR YOUR CYCLE
Outer Covers (guaranteed) from 3s 9d each; Inner Tubes, from 1s 11d each. Second-Hand Cycles, from 30s. Large stock of Chains, Free Wheels, Saddles, Pedals, Inflators, Lamps, Bells, Handle Bars, Brakes. WE WILL BUY YOUR OLD CYCLE BROWN CYCLE CO., LTD., 168 Buchanan St., GLASGOW.

MATERNITY (Finlay's Patents). — Skirts, adjustable 12/11; Gowns, 42/-; Corsets, 12/11; Adjustable any size. Babies' Outfits, Nursery Requisites. Catalogues, Patterns Free. Money Refunded if not satisfied. Finlay's, 105 Houldsworth St., Manchester. Show Rooms—47 Duke St., London, W.1.

WHY SUFFER WHEN COUTTS' ACID
Quickly and Permanently Cures RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, BRONCHITIS, NERVOUSNESS, SPINAL COMPLAINTS, etc.

The application is external, safe and simple, and in accordance with the spinal treatment discovered by the late Francis Coutts of Aberdeen.

A TRIBUTE FROM A PEN OBSCURE TO COUTTS' PERFECT ACID CURE.
Let such as live to-day in pain
Lift up their hearts and gladly sing;
They may obtain their strength again,
For I can joyful tidings bring—
There's scarce a pain that we endure
But yields to COUTTS' ACID CURE.

No tribute from my humble pen
Could half my gratitude convey,
And words would fail, however fain
To speak the thanks I feel this day.
I owe my life, I feel quite sure,
To COUTTS' PERFECT ACID CURE.

If any suffer in their spine
And feel Lumbago in their back,
Their case can be no worse than mine,
For I was often on the rack.
But happy day I did procure
A quart of COUTTS' ACID CURE.

Though oft unfit to sit or move,
I can display a living truth;
My pains are gone, and I can prove
That I have quite renewed my youth,
And this I may the world assure
Was done by COUTTS' ACID CURE.

Why need a man his ailments preach,
Unfit to walk or even creep,
When Coutts has placed within his reach
A cure so perfect, sure, and cheap?
Send out this moment and secure
A quart of COUTTS' ACID CURE.
JOHN RAE, Ironbank, Sandhurst, Aus.

COUTTS' ACETIC ACID, with full instructions, may be obtained from any Chemist, 2/6 large size, 1/6 small size.
Write for gratis explanatory booklet to
F. COUTTS & SONS
106 ST VINCENT ST., GLASGOW.

Never Say Die!

Heard of a sea captain torpedoed four times, and now enjoying a few days' holidays in Glasgow prior to taking over another ship. Never say die!

"Safety" Matches!

A London business man locks up the office matches in the safe with his own hands, and only produces them when they are really wanted.

And Proud of the Norna, Too.

At Waverley Station the other day a shipowner asked the driver of a North British engine if he knew the origin of its name, "Norna," adding that he owned a ship with that name, and often wondered what was its source. "Evidently you have not read all Scott's novels," said the driver. "Oh, yes," was the reply, "I have, but I have never come across the character of Norna." Of course the driver gave the gentleman the information that Norna was much in evidence in "The Pirate."

"Old as the Hills."

Captain Lord Forbes, Grenadier Guards, was invalided from France, but has now resumed duty in this country. He traces his descent to King Aedhan, a contemporary of St Columba, and he is the premier baron for Scotland. His fine Aberdeenshire estate is in the unique position of never having been owned except by its present noble laird and his ancestors. "Old as the hills" would be a fitting family motto.

Red Cross Roll of Honour.

A new scheme has been adopted by the Red Cross Executive for recognising meritorious services. Briefly put, the idea is to draw up a "Roll of Honourable Service," each county to keep a separate roll in three grades:—(1) Members with five years' service; (2) with not less than two years; (3) with less than two years. Only those who have given services of exceptional merit will have their names inscribed on the vellum roll kept by each county. The scheme originated, I believe, from a suggestion by Lady Ampthill.

Kilcreggan's Hospital.

Miss A. L. Eldrid, matron of the hospital at Woodlands, Kilcreggan. The equipment at this hospital is amongst the finest in the country.

Why Not Car Queues?

Something should be done to prevent the ugly rushes made for the cars at certain stations in the principal Glasgow streets. Frequently young children and women are much knocked about owing to the unmannerly and boisterous haste of the crowds. If we can have a theatre queue and a picture-house queue we can also surely have a car queue.

A Hazardous Desert Ride.

Lord Dundonald, accompanied by his sister, Lady Elizabeth Cochrane, has been spending some days in the Highlands. He is Honorary Colonel of the 91st Canadian Highlanders, and during this war has been mentioned six times in despatches. It will be remembered that while taking part in Stewart's march to Khartoum he volunteered to ride across the desert to announce the death of Gordon and the fall of the historic city. In the South African War he commanded the Second Cavalry Brigade, and with that splendid body led the final advance into Ladysmith.

Mrs Darroch, of Gourock.

Photo by Lafayette.

The dependents of our soldiers and sailors have a warm friend in Mrs Darroch, of Gourock House, who is now engrossed in Red Cross work. Her husband, Col. Darroch was wounded at the Dardanelles, while gallantly leading his men at Achibaba, where so many gallant Renfrewshire lads found soldiers' graves.

Glasgow Men in London.

Since Sir Joseph Maclay assumed the duties of Shipping Controller, he has been seldom in Glasgow. The same may be said of Sir William Weir and Mr John Mann, jun., all of whom are engrossed in the nation's business. Beyond an odd week-end their whole time is spent in London. There is now quite a colony of men from Glasgow and the West of Scotland hovering around the War Office and the Ministry of Munitions.

Holidaying at Harrogate.

Mr Harry Lumsden, the secretary of the Glasgow Trades House, is spending a brief holiday at Harrogate. It is not generally known that Mr Lumsden has some reputation as a playwright. His wife, professionally known as Miss Agnes Bartholomew, elocutionist, has been devoting much of her time recently brightening up the lot of Tommy in hospital.

A Prospective Perthshire Bride.

A marriage will shortly take place between Captain R. H. Philpot, M.C., the Queen's Regiment, only surviving son of Mr and Mrs H. J. Philpot of Sherfield Manor, Romsey, and Marian C. Lilburne, only daughter of the late S. D. Hopkinson and Mrs Hopkinson of Duncrievie, Perthshire, and 41 Campden Hill Road, W.

Minister as Food Controller.

The Highlands has a minister for its senior Food Controller, the Rev. John D. M'Gilp, of Inverness, who has relinquished the charge of the U.F. Crown congregation to take over his new duties. Mr M'Gilp has been chairman of the Inverness Burgh School Board for several years.

Twice Through the German Lines.

Miss Bennett Burleigh, who is shortly to visit the Glasgow Palette Club, is the daughter of the famous war correspondent. She received her initiation in the work of a war correspondent through preparing a series of maps for her late father's book on "The Empire of the East." Miss Burleigh has been twice through the enemy lines, and was permitted to speak to wounded British soldiers in a German hospital.

A Novel "Spectacle," Eh?

A commercial traveller states that the other day in a town not thirty miles from Glasgow he saw a coalman wearing pince-nez while seated on his cart going his rounds. There is a legend of the dustman who wears gold rings on his fingers, but I guess this instance of aristocratic tendencies on the part of our "black diamond" vendors will not be easy to parallel.

A Versatile Glasgow Officer.

"You are not concerned with anything that doesn't hit you." This is the cheery comment upon danger on the Western front given by Lieutenant-Colonel Kyle, one of the most popular officers in the H.L.I., who has just returned to France, where he has been bearing the heat and burden of battle for two years. The versatile city solicitor, who has been through not a few severe engagements, is justly proud of his gallant boys from Glasgow.

Labourers Get 17s a Day.

According to the wages being disbursed a labourer is worthy of his hire these days. In a coast town where there is no railway, men discharging coal lighters are being remunerated at the rate of 17s per day.

The Girl and the Carter.

In a busy Glasgow thoroughfare people watched with amusement a dispute between a girl motor car driver and a carter. The wordy warfare concluded by the lady in the case placing her thumb derisively upon her nose! There are apparently among our female war workers some too apt pupils of mere man's rougher ways!

200,000 Gaelic Speakers.

Speaking at the Pan-Celtic Conference held at Birkenhead, the Rev. G. W. MacKay, Killin, stated that there are over 200,000 Gaelic-speaking people in Scotland, and a particularly large number are to be found in Glasgow.

Distinguished Argyllshire Officer

Major-General Neill Malcolm, D.S.O., has received the decoration of Commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy for distinguished service. He is a son of Colonel Malcolm of Poltalloch, is forty-eight years of age, and has six brothers and brothers-in-law taking part in the war in one capacity or other.

A Drake Memento.

At an Inverness curio shop there is being exhibited a rare cocoa cup of James I. which belonged to the Drake family. It represents the story of the prodigal son, and bears the arms of Drake and the Royal Arms of England. It was probably a christening gift to one of the Drakes, and a similar cocoa cup was sold at Christie's in 1902 for £960.

Vocalist, Swimmer, and Expert Shot.

Miss Helen Haig, a Leven vocalist, who has done a great deal of entertainment for the soldiers and war charities. She is an expert swimmer and an excellent shot.

A Modern Young Lady.

A well-dressed and exceedingly pretty young lady astonished her fellow-passengers in a non-smoking compartment of a north-bound train by producing a cigarette case, and lighting up without apology and signs of embarrassment. She appeared to relish her smoke equally with the sensation her action created among her fellow-travellers.

Glasgow Trades House Convener.

Thursday first will be "Choosing Day" in connection with the Glasgow Trades House. The choice of Deacon Convener will this year fall upon Mr Jackson Miller, one of the Incorporation of Maltmen, who has a big business in Singapore, and has had considerable experience of life both in the East and the West.

What's in a Name?

Few people have any difficulty in pronouncing "Kerensky," but the other day I heard a toil-grimed artisan on the car refer to the head of Russia's counter-revolution as "Colonel Koff"—that, at least, was how he pronounced it. And the speaker was a partisan of General Korniloff, too.

Lucky at the 18th Try.

I have just heard of a man who, having been rejected seventeen times, has now been adjudged capable of service in a labour battalion at home, which prompts the interesting query—Who is the recruit who holds the record in Scotland for rejections?

The All-Scotland Canal.

I understand the estimate for surveying the route of the proposed all-Scotland Ship Canal will be brought before the Town Council of Glasgow at an early date. When the population was something around fifty thousand the Civic Fathers of the city contributed £1000 towards the cost of the present Forth and Clyde waterway. Now that the population is a million it should have more than a passing interest in the greater scheme.

A Highland Family's Losses.

Mr and Mrs A. P. Matheson of Ardarum and Little Hampton, have within the last five months lost their three sons in the war. Two of the gallant youths were 23 years of age, and the third had attained his 18th year. The three brothers were grandsons of Sir Alexander Matheson, M.P., Mr A. P. Matheson being his second son and heir-presumptive of his half-brother, Sir Kenneth Matheson, Bart. of Lochalsh.

COLISEUM, GLASGOW.
6.55—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.
GRAND STAR PROGRAMME.
MARK SHERIDAN.
MOONEY AND HOLBEIN.
THE ROYAL BARTLE QUARTETTE.
PURCELLA BROS.
AND STRONG SUPPORT.
Box Office, 11 to 4 and 6 to 9.30.
'Phones—230 South, 1501 Central.

EMPIRE, GLASGOW.
6.45—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.0.
WILLIAM HORSHALL Presents
"THE KODAK GIRL."
The Greatest Comedy Musical Farce.
GARADINI. HARRY WEBBER.
LUCILLE BENSTEAD.
MATINEE, TUESDAY, 2.30.
Box Office, 10.30 to 5.30 and 6.30 to 9.30.
'Phone 3731 Douglas.

THEATRE ROYAL, GLASGOW.
MONDAY, 17th Sept., 6 NIGHTS at 7.15.
MATINEE, SATURDAY, at 2.
THE BALKAN PRINCESS.
The Delightful Musical Comedy.

LA SCALA,
'PHONE 384. 30 MURRAYGATE, DUNDEE.
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, Sept. 17, 18, 19.
HENRY EDWARDS and ALMA TAYLOR in
"THE COBWEB."
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, Sept. 20, 21, 22.
MISS BESSIE LOVE in
"A SISTER OF SIX."

KING'S THEATRE, DUNDEE.
TWICE NIGHTLY—7 and 9.
MONDAY, SEPT. 17, 1917.
GILBERT PAYNE & CO.,
In a New Absurdity, "Bingle's Bungle."
HORACE WHEATLEY, the Genial Irishman.
RAY WALLACE, Entertainer and Mimic.
BELLE SYLVIA, Scotland's Lady Baritone.
AND FULL VARIETY COMPANY.
Box Office, 11 to 4, 6 to 10. 'Phone 1930.

SHAND'S PICTURE HOUSE, SHEPHERD'S LOAN, DUNDEE.
MON., TUES., and WED.
EDITH STOREY in
"THE CONFLICT,"
Vitagraph Blue Ribbon Feature, in 5 Reels.
Also, for One Week—
BAIRNSFATHER CARTOONS—No. 2.
THURS., FRI., and SAT.
LOUISE LOVELY in
"BETTINA LOVED A SOLDIER,"
By Transatlantic, in 4 Acts.

ELECTRIC THEATRE
NETHERGATE, DUNDEE.
Week Commencing 17th Sept., 1917.
Continuous, 2.30 to 10.30.
Showing Mon., Tues., and Wed.—"Bombardier Wells" in "KENT THE FIGHTING MAN," Gaumont Photo-Play, in 5 Reels. Also, "HIS GREATEST WORK" (2 Reels).
Showing Thur., Fri., and Sat.—Daisy Burrell in "THE VALLEY OF FEAR," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in 6 Reels. Also, "THE PRICE HE PAID," Regal Production, in 3 Reels.

VICTORIA, VICTORIA ROAD, DUNDEE.
MONDAY, 17th Sept., 1917—ALL THE WEEK.
TWICE NIGHTLY—At 6.50 and 9.
THOS. H. INCE Presents
THE GREAT MILLION DOLLAR SPECTACLE,
CIVILISATION.
First Time in Dundee of this Wonderful Picture, the Most Astounding Picture of Modern Warfare, both Naval and Military, that has ever been screened.
MATINEES, WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY, at 3.

SHOPPING BY POST.
Closely set advertisements are inserted under this heading at the prepaid rate of 2d per word.

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EXPLOSIVE cigarettes, bombs, itchykoo, sneezing—30 samples, 2s 6d. Brition, Linwood St., Manchester.

REMNANTS.—We carry one of the largest stocks in the trade of all kinds of cotton and wool goods. Also ready-mades and smallwares. Send for price-list, free. S. Andrew & Co., 30 George St., Manchester. Established 25 years.

2/- Monthly.—Costumes, suits, raincoats, children's clothing, footwear, household linen, drapery, &c., on easy terms. Illustrated catalogue free. Castle Supply Co., Norwich. 5429

100 Best Songs.—Album, with pianoforte accompaniments, post free, 1s 6d. W. L. Hampton, musicseller, 9 Scott St., Perth.

LEADING THEATRICAL LIGHTS APPEARING IN SCOTLAND THIS WEEK.

(1 and 3) Lillian Christine and Daisy Cordell, in "Seven Days' Leave," at the Edinburgh Empire.
(2 Jack Smiles at the Glasgow Coliseum
(4 and 5) Ray Wallace and Gilbert Payne at the King's, Dundee.
(6) Elsie Wallace, in "The Balkan Princess," at Glasgow Theatre Royal.

RESULTS AT A GLANCE.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

CELTIC,	2	PARTICK THIS.,	1
THIRD LANARK,	1	AYR UNITED,	1
DUMBARTON,	2	QUEEN'S PARK,	1
RANGERS,	3	HIBERNIAN,	0
HEARTS,	1	MORTON,	0
AIRDRIEONIANS,	3	FALKIRK,	1
HAMILTON ACA.,	2	CLYDE,	0
KILMARNOCK,	3	ST MIRREN,	1
CLYDEBANK,	1	MOTHERWELL,	2

WESTERN LEAGUE.

RENTON,	2	DUMBARTON H.,	1
ABERCORN,	1	VALE OF LEVEN,	0
STEVENSTON U.,	3	ALBION ROVERS,..	0
JOHNSTONE,	1	ARTHURLIE,	1

EASTERN LEAGUE.

ARMADALE,	6	EAST FIFE,	0
DUNDEE HIBS,	0	DUNDEE,	2
COWDENBEATH,	2	RAITH ROVERS,	0

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

Lancashire Section.

PRESTON N.E.,	2	STOKE,	3
BLACKPOOL,	1	BURY,	0
EVERTON,	9	BURNLEY,	0
BOLTON WAN.,	0	LIVERPOOL,	3
ROCHDALE,	3	MANCHESTER U.,	0
BURSLEM P.V.,	1	SOUTHPORT,	0
BLACKBURN R.,	1	STOCKPORT C.,	0
MANCHESTER C.,	2	OLDHAM ATH.,	2

Midland Section.

LINCOLN CITY,	0	BRADFORD,	0
GRIMSBY TOWN,	1	BARNSLEY,	3
HUDDERSF'LD T.,	1	LEICESTER FOS.,	2
NOTTS COUNTY,	2	HULL CITY,	2
BRADFORD CITY,	3	LEEDS CITY,	2
ROTHERHAM C.,	0	SHEFFIELD UN.,	1
SHEFFIELD W.,	0	NOTTS FOREST,	3

London Combination.

WEST HAM UN.,	1	CLAPTON OR.,	2
THE ARSENAL,	4	MILLWALL,	0
CRYSTAL PAL.,	3	CHELSEA,	3
FULHAM,	2	Q.P. RANGERS,	1
BRENTFORD,	5	TOTTENHAM H.,	2

GLASGOW JUNIOR CUP—First Round.
STRATHCLYDE, 1; PARKHEAD, 5.

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

VALE OF CLYDE, 2 (Boling and M'Culloch); PETERSHILL, 2 (Somerville and Ferrier).
ROB ROY, 1 (Taylor); SHETTLESTON, 0.
GLENCAIRN, 3 (Craig 2, Dempster); LARKHALL THISTLE, 2 (Short).
PERTHIRE, 1 (M'Millan); BENBURB, 0.
MARYHILL, 0; POLLOK, 1 (Kennedy).
ASHFIELD, 4 (Miller, Campbell, and Osborne); BELHILL ATHLETIC, 0.
CAMBUSLANG RANGERS, 1 (Chalmers); CLYDEBANK JUNIORS, 1 (Jackson).

AYRSHIRE JUNIOR CUP—First Round.

SAGS, DALMELLINGTON, 0; STEVENSTON THISTLE, 7.
CRONBERRY, 1; LUGAR, 0.
GLENBURN, 1; SALTCOATS VICTORIA, 2.
BENQUHART, 3; SKARE, 0.
DRONGAN, 1; BURNFOOTHILL, 1.
DUNASKIN, 0; HURLFORD THISTLE, 1.
CUMNOCK JUNIORS, 2; CRAIGMARK, 0.

SCOTTISH JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PORT-GLASGOW JUNIORS, 1 (Rorke); BURNBANK ATHLETIC, 1 (Wilson).
GLENBUCHAT, 1 (Reid); BEDLAY JUNIORS, 2 (Hendry and Ramsay).
CROY CELTIC, 0; ST PAUL'S U., 1 (Reid).
RENFREW JUNIORS, 4 (Allan, Macauley, Redfoot, and M'Intosh); KILSYTH RANGERS, 1 (W. Raffles).
TOWNHEAD CELTIC, 0; ST ANTHONY'S, 2.
KILSYTH EMMET, 1 (M'Gowan); OATLANDS JUNIORS, 1 (Brannan).
NEILSTON VICTORIA, 1 (M'Quarrie); YOKER ATHLETIC, 0.

LANARKSHIRE JUNIOR LEAGUE.

CLELAND THISTLE, 2; MORNINGSIDE THISTLE, 1.
LAW VOLUNTEERS, 1 (M'Caig); BLANTYRE CELTIC, 1 (Clelland).

LOTHIANS LEAGUE.

LEITH BENBURB, 3 (Bowie 3); H.M.S. TYNE, 0.

ST MIRREN JUNIORS, 6 (Rodgers, Howie, Barr, M'Lellan, and Lees 2); THORNLIEBANK, 0—Renfrewshire Junior Cup-tie.
BUSBY CARTVALE, 4; ELDERSLIE, 3—Glasgow Amateur League.
POULTON COLLIERY, 2; LOANHEAD MAYFLOWER, 0.
DUNIPACE, 2; DENNY HIBS, 0.
MACMERRY ST CLAIR, 4; MUSSELBURGH ALBION, 0. Chisholm Cup—First Round.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	A.	Pts.
Celtic,	4	4	0	0	12	4	8
Mother well,	5	3	0	2	15	6	8
Morton,	5	3	0	2	13	6	8
Kilmarnock,	5	3	2	0	10	3	6
Rangers,	4	3	1	0	8	4	6
Dumbton,	5	2	2	1	6	6	5
Airdrieonians,	5	2	2	0	9	9	4
Hearts,	5	2	2	0	4	9	4
Hamilton Acad.,	5	2	3	1	7	10	3
Partick Thistle,	5	1	1	3	6	5	5
Queen's Park,	4	2	2	0	9	9	4
Clyde,	4	2	2	0	9	6	4
Falkirk,	5	1	3	1	5	11	3
Clydebank,	5	1	3	1	4	9	3
St Mirren,	5	1	3	1	4	9	3
Third Lanark,	5	1	3	1	10	11	3
Ayr United,	5	1	3	1	4	9	3
Hibs,	5	0	5	0	0	9	0

EASTERN LEAGUE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	A.	Pts.
Raith Rovers,	4	2	1	1	6	4	5
Dundee,	4	2	1	1	10	5	5
Armadale,	4	2	1	1	10	5	5
Cowdenbeath,	4	2	2	0	9	6	4
East Fife,	4	2	2	0	5	10	4
Dunfermline,	4	2	2	0	8	10	4
Dundee Hibs,	5	1	4	0	6	13	2

WESTERN LEAGUE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	A.	Pts.
Stevenston United,	5	4	1	0	15	4	8
Albion Rovers,	5	3	1	1	11	7	7
Renton,	4	3	1	0	6	4	6
Vale of Leven,	5	2	2	1	7	6	5
Johnstone,	5	1	2	2	7	15	4
Dumbarton Harp,	5	2	3	0	10	8	4
Abercorn,	5	1	3	1	4	10	3
Arthurlie,	4	0	3	1	5	10	1

SCOTTISH SPORTS AT MANCHESTER.

A Scottish athletic gathering, organised by the Scottish people of Manchester for the benefit of the East Lancashire Branch of the Scottish Red Cross Society, was held yesterday. There were 5000 onlookers. Principal results:—100 Yards Flat Race—1 R. Gregory, Widnes (7); 2 D. Kennedy, Gordon Highlanders (9); 3 A. Ward, Salford (11). Time—10 1-5 secs. Half Mile Flat Handicap—1 S. Ingham, Salford Harriers (60); 2 Corporal Handley, T.M. (320); 3 Sergeant Swindells, Rochdale Harriers (42). 220 Yards Flat Handicap—1 R. Gregory, Widnes (15); 2 Sergeant Rollinson, Ashton (21½); 3 Crawley, Earlstown (16). Time—25 secs. Tug-of-War—Manchester Dock Police beat Liverpool Dockers' Battalion.

CRICKET.

West of Scotland, 123 (Crawford, 29; Miller, 21); Beardmore's XI., all out, 23. Ferguson had seven wickets for 4.

DISGRACEFUL DISTURBANCE AT A LEADING LEAGUE MATCH.

HOW THE CELTIC WON A REMARKABLE GAME AT PARKHEAD.

DAVIE M'LEAN SCORES A GREAT GOAL AT CATHKIN.

Disgraceful scenes took place yesterday afternoon at a football match at Cliftonville Grounds, Belfast.

The contesting teams were Distillery and Cliftonville, and the game was fought out keenly without either side scoring until seven minutes from time, when one player from each side having been ordered off for misconduct, other players came to blows.

Immediately afterwards, and amid great excitement, several of the spectators climbed into the enclosure and took part in the melee. After supporting their favourites —and it may be added here that Cliftonville players suffered the worst—the rival crowds attacked each other, and there was fear of a serious disturbance occurring.

The officials were powerless, but the timely arrival of the police got the crowd into order. One Cliftonville player got a bad blow over the head. Another was injured on the face, while a third was kicked, and at the same time one of the linesmen came in for share of the abuse. One arrest was made. The police and officials got the playing pitch cleared with great difficulty, but the match was abandoned.

RANGERS RIGHT.

RANGERS, 3; HIBERNIANS, 0.

Edinburgh Hibs were at Ibrox. They rested Templeton and Paterson. Walker, a Pollok production, was introduced at centre-forward. Sergeant Jamie Gordon was welcomed into the Rangers' mid line for the afternoon. There were 10,000 spectators. Hibs began against a stiffish breeze. Rangers scored in half a minute, M'Dermid crossing beautifully from the touch line, for Cairns to head into the net. Sergeant Gordon had a glorious try, which M'Manus was lucky to stop, Rangers keeping up a hot attack. In seven minutes Rangers were two up. Cairns snapped up a pretty pass from Dixon, and drove home, with M'Manus helpless. Rangers continued to press, but the Edinburgh defence prevented further scoring. Then Hibs for the first time were really dangerous, and Barney Smith smashed in two beauties, which Hempsey dealt with successfully. Rangers rushed quick, Bowie booking number three after slick work on the left. Hibs improved, and Meaney just missed with a fine effort, the sequel to a spell of clever forward play. Rangers led by 3-0 at the interval.

A terrific drive by Cairns was splendidly saved by M'Manus. Hibs attacked often, but fiddled too much at close quarters. Then Rangers were aggressive for a spell. Cairns netted, but was given off-side. M'Manus saved several times, Rangers closing in often in dangerous fashion. There was no further scoring.

The Light Blues were clearly the better side, and the score does them no more than justice. They had easily the greater share of the game, M'Manus having far more to do than Hempsey, who was not very often troubled. Blair was steady at back. M'Queen gave distinct promise. Martin was the support of the half-backs. Gordon did quite well considering, and Dixon was hefty without being very clever. All in, there was nothing extra in the defence. Bowie was the pick of a good forward line, with Muirhead and Cairns next in order of merit. Hibs had a strong defence once it settled, with M'Manus, Norman, and the halves very reliable. Gordon was a tremendous worker The attack was rather weak. Meaney was the star of the five; in fact, he was perhaps the smartest forward afield. He and Kilpatrick made a clever wing.

Rangers—Hempsey; M'Queen and Blair; Sergt. Gordon, Dixon, and Martin; Archibald, Bowie, Cairns, Muirhead, and M'Dermid.

Hibs—M'Manus; Borthwick and Dornan; Brown, Gordon, and R. Smith; Wilkie, Meaney, Walker, Pollok, M'Dougall, and W. Smith.

CLYDE OUTPLAYED.

HAMILTON, 2; CLYDE, 0.

There was no dubiety whatever as to which was the better team at Douglas Park. In the first half the spectators were treated to a clever exposition. Both sides were alike in displaying neat and bracing footwork, and if the Academicals did lead at the interval by a solitary goal, they really deserved that advantage. Midway Kelly scored, and the point was smartly taken.

In the second half the Academicals were easily the superior team, and the chief factor in their success was the skill and craft of the intermediate line. All three — Graham, Paterson, and Purdie—forced the pace to some purpose, and they presented the forwards with opportunities galore. Reckless finishing and insufficient shotkeeping by Shingleton alone accounted for the fact that, despite their persistent pressure, the ground team only scored another goal. As in the first half, this point was obtained by Kelly. With Craig between the uprights the Accas goalkeeping problem has been solved. Miller and Robertson were a resourceful and crafty pair. The halves dominated the Clyde attack from beginning to end. M'Neill and Greenhorn were the best forwards for the winners. The inside men showed a marked improvement on previous displays. For Clyde, Shingleton and Farrell were a veritable tower of strength. Cowan and Forrest brought untiringly. Rae could not control his wings. Of the other forwards, Morris and Watson did best. "Cameron" and Shimmons were only occasionally in evidence.

Hamilton Academicals—Craig; Robertson and Miller; Purdie, Graham, and Anderson; M'Neil, Murphy, Kelly, Kyle, and Greenhorn.

Clyde—Shingleton; Thorpe and Farrell; Daly, Cowan, and Forrest; Morris, Watson, Rae, Cameron, and Shimmons.

THE CHAMPIONS WIN.

CELTIC, 2; PARTICK THISTLE, 1.

Twelve thousand witnessed a remarkable game at Celtic Park. For twenty minutes Partick Thistle played brilliant football. During that time Marshall scored from a pass from the right. Then, in a raid on Thistle's goal, M'Menemy was injured, and was obliged to leave the field for good after returning for a few minutes. From the moment of M'Menemy's retiring Thistle deteriorated, and Celts, by sheer dash and sprightliness, deservedly won by the odd goal in three.

Play opened quietly. M'Menemy and Browning initiated a clever attack, and M'Coll, instead of taking up the centre, allowed the ball to go to Gallagher. Ferguson saved the shot by falling on the ball, and he lost it. Gallagher then got in two hard drives, but Ferguson always blocked the way, and the ball ultimately settling on the goal line (M'Coll claimed a goal), the keeper got rid of it at the expense of a corner. It was an exciting moment. Next Marshall snapped up a pass from Whittle, and, beating M'Nair, shot rather softly, but hard enough not to allow Shaw to get down to it in time. Then M'Menemy was laid out with a leg injury in a melee in goalmouth, and, playing with ten men, Celts gradually rushed their opponents off their game.

In the second half Celts adopted the "get-there-quick" policy. It paid. M'Coll kicked off to the right wing, and, taking up the return, scored after a great individual burst, Ferguson having no chance. Keeping the ball swinging about, Celts completely upset their opponents' calculations, and Partick's front line, which started in machine-like fashion, became totally disjointed and unable to get a move on. Celts were full of running, and it was no surprise when M'Coll put on the winning goal. For Celts, M'Nair, Dodds, Brown, M'Coll, and Gallagher were best. For Thistle, Bowie stood out brilliantly, and was the only player to last the pace. He was too clever for the liking of some Celtic supporters, by whom he was subjected to considerable abuse. Marshall, Hamilton, Bulloch, M'Lachlan (who made his debut), and Ferguson were the pick of the others.

Celtic—Shaw; M'Nair and M'Gregor; Wilson, Dodds, and Brown; M'Atee, Gallagher, M'Coll, M'Menemy, and Browning.

Partick Thistle—Ferguson; M'Laughlin and Bulloch; Brough, Hamilton, and M'Mullan; Whittle, M'Ewan, J. Marshall, J. King, and Bowie.

MASTERFUL MOTHERWELL.

MOTHERWELL, 2; CLYDEBANK, 1.

Motherwell defeated Clydebank by two goals to one at Clydeholm. That it was not a much heavier defeat was due to splendid goalkeeping of M'Turk.

The two which carried the points were scored by Ferguson, and clever efforts they were. Fergie beat M'Turk once in each half, and several other drives from the foot of the ex-Parkhead junior were value for a count. The Clydebank goalkeeper's panther-like springs served to show how admirably the "baby" of the League is served in goal. Clydebank were first to find the net, Jarvis heading in a fine cross from Shortt which Randell failed to reach in time. But several "inches" were thrown away before this first and only success, and Motherwell, save in the first ten minutes, always looked the more clever lot.

Clydebank's lead was only kept for a matter of sixty seconds, Ferguson getting away and sending a rocket shot bang into the net.

It was after the interval that the superiority of Motherwell was apparent, some of Clydesbank's "old stagers" flying the flag of distress under the severe bombardment.

Yet after pressing for almost seven-eighths of the second half Motherwell lay down near the close and almost allowed the homesters to snatch a division of the points.

For the winners the defence stood up well. M'Intosh was a star artiste at half-back, and the big Rufus-haired Dundee lad proved himself a grand all-round man. The whole front line played splendidly for Clydebank. M'Turk was magnificent. Both backs did well. The midline had too much to do. Shortt was speedy on the right wing. Jarvis was perhaps the pick of the rear, but as a line over-eagerness spoiled their work. Motherwell thoroughly deserved their victory.

Motherwell—M'Turk; Fullarton and Ferguson; Neish, Forrest, and Trueman; Shortt, Brander, Jarvis, Travers, and Sutherland (Third Lanark).

Clydebank—Randell; Murray and M'Skimming; M'Intosh, Stewart, and Archibald; Kelly, Rankin, Forrest, Gray, and Morgan.

SURPRISE FOR THE "SODGERS."

THIRD LANARK, 1; AYR UNITED, 1.

Thirds had changes, and Soldier Richardson turned out for Ayr. With the wind in the first half the "Seasiders" were never in danger. Thirds found themselves well outclassed in general outfield work, and outpointed in shots for goal. Yet with it all Ayr only crossed over one goal to the good, scored by Crosbie ten minutes from the interval. Thirds started as if they meant biz, and Davie M'Lean had a couple of shots, the latter of which clearly showed Lock's capabilities. After this the Ayr middlemen took a firm grip of the game, which they never lost. The Cathkin keeper, although in hot water all the time, kept his end up for thirty-five minutes, and Ayr got their goal by way of Brown and Devine. Robb failed to hold the latter's shot, and, the ball coming to Crosbie, the clever inside right put the seal on. Richardson made a passable show at centre.

There was an unusual incident after twenty minutes' play. Richardson cleverly walked round Mackie, and was off on a clear run, when the veteran caught him by the arm and actually "held him up." The free kick outside the box didn't fit the crime. Ayr were good leaders at the "cross."

Thirds imparted more vim into their going, but the Douglas Water pivot had the "pinchers" on M'Lean, and the rest was easy for Lock. Robb received plaudits for masterly saving, and, all over, goals were difficult to get. Then came M'Lean's great goal. It was a stinger, an inimitable drive which le't Lock helpless. Fifteen to go and win, and both sides redoubled their efforts, but the "Cathkin hope" got no more chances, and Ayr were hammering for a win when time was called. Robb has come to stay. The Thirds' backs will take some stiffening up yet. The halves were outmatched by the attack, and neither of the trio impressed. M'Lean was the only forward that mattered. Bissett was consistently poor. Bennie never touched even his junior form, and Steven is worth another run at outside left. A smart team are the Ayr boys from goal out. Lock good, Bell best back, Sommerville, Cringan, and M'Laughlan delightful. Of a good speedy, crafty front line, Crosbie was the hero of the game, and the "extremes," Middleton and Brown, were outstanding. Attendance, 6000.

Third Lanark—Robb; M'Kay and M'Gowan; Walker, M'Lachlan, and Brown; Bisset, Bennie, M'Lean, Weir, and Steven.

Ayr United—Lock; Bell and Brock; Somerville, W. Cringan, and M'Laughlan; Middleton, Crosbie, Richardson, Devine, and Brown.

HEARTS' SENSATIONAL WIN.

HEARTS, 1; MORTON, 0.

A sensational start was provided in the Hearts-Morton game at Tynecastle, where Gibson, the Hearts' left winger, scored the only goal of the match after thirty seconds' play. He got the leather from Drummond, and, eluding Morison, shot hard and straight at Bradford, who touched but failed to hold the ball. This early score put a vim into the game which was kept going till the final whistle sounded. When Morton found their feet they were often in the danger zone, M'Nab leading the way. In the Hearts' defence M'Intosh did grand work. During a tussle he had with Seymour, the latter strained the muscle of his leg, and retired from further participation in the game.

With their ten players Morton more than held their own, especially after the interval. But they were up against a brilliant goalkeeper in Black. Shots from all directions were alike to him, and if sometimes overdaring his tactics paid their way.

Another success in the Hearts' side was Sharp, their erstwhile left winger, who developed a fine game at left half, and that against M'Nab, the most prominent of the Morton front line. Gibson had the measure of Morrison, but he was treated none too well by the Greenock defence. Drummond showed promise as a centre forward, but Jock M'Intosh's worth was depreciated by being frequently at loggerheads with the opposition. Morton towards the end played desperately to get on level terms, M'Intyre, Wright, M'Nab, and Gourlay being outstanding in a side which was unfortunate to lose both points. They were certainly not the inferior side. Seymour's early retiral from the game meant much to them.

Hearts—Black; M'Intosh and M'Lean; Briggs, Barnes, and Sharp; Sinclair, M'Tavish, Drummond, Denyer, and Gibson.

Morton — Bradford; Morrison and Ormonde; M'Intyre, Wright, and M'Lean; M'Nab, Gourlay, Lister, Stevenson, and Seymour.

JOCKY SIMPSON'S LUCK OUT.

AIRDRIE, 3; FALKIRK, 1.

The Airdrieonians, who had Sergeant James Reid leading the attack, proved too good for Falkirk in a game that was keen all the ninety minutes. The first goal came the way of the 'Onians in ten minutes, Paterson putting the finishing touch to some pretty play, in which Reid and Rankin were conspicuous. The wind advantage and the clever defence were too much for the "Bairns," who were outpointed, and the single goal difference at the interval in no way indicates the run of the play. Falkirk's defence was sound, and T. Logan, as pivot, got through a power of breaking-up work, and Jocky Simpson was responsible for what forcing work was accomplished.

Airdrie made good in the opening minutes after resumption, and it was left to Paterson to drive it home—Reid to Rankine, thence to Paterson—and Allan had no chance with the latter's great drive. Airdrie put up a good game, the extreme wingers placing well time and again, and the expected happened when a chance came the way of Reid off the crossbar, and he drove home the third goal. Falkirk made a great rally, but Simpson's luck was out, and he failed close in. As a result of a penalty, Harvie scored for Falkirk, and, all in, Airdrie were good winners. Airdrie from goal out were a good side, and Reid's success as a goal-getter pleased the crowd. M'Donald, Kennedy, Rankine, Reid, and Paterson were Airdrie's best, while for Falkirk Allan, Walters, and Logan were conspicuous in defence, while Simpson alone touched form forward.

Airdrieonians—Bernard; M'Donald and Watson; Kennedy, Hart, and Hart; Rankine, Anderson, Reid, Donaldson, and Paterson.

Falkirk—Allan; M'Leod and "Walters"; Scott, Logan, and Harvie; Simpson, Watson, Main, Croal, and Murphy.

HOW QUEEN'S LOST.

DUMBARTON, 2; QUEEN'S PARK, 1.

Dumbarton and Queen's Park met at Boghead. The Amateurs, even against the sun and wind, more than held their own for a time, but they seemed to tire, and then Dumbarton's persistency told. The spectators had not a dull moment all through the first half. There were the bouts between M'Grory and Alan Morton, purposeful dashes by Walker, and spectacular work by Aitken and M'Millan. Walker's goal was a self effort. He eluded Raeside and was through, sending in an angular shot with which the keeper had no chance. Dumbarton's equaliser came twenty minutes later. Ritchie crossed neatly, but Ward seemed to have the ball. There were three Dumbarton men on him, however, and he failed to make good, Finnie tapping through. What proved the winning goal came just as the whistle blew. Thom crossed, and Ritchie slipped in as the ball was on the post, hurting himself in the effort.

On resuming, only ten minutes had gone when M'Millan was injured and had to go off for the rest of the game. His loss keenly felt by the Amateurs, for Dumbarton then took the game in hand and practically confined the play to Ward's end, occasionally did the Queen's break away, and Morton was cheered for his misses, and Morton was cheered for his misses, work. Miller hardly ever had to strain himself. At the other end Ward had a busy time of it, but kept his goal intact. Trotter gave a satisfactory display at centre, and Reid self at centre-forward, who came to his own position, showed comeback to his own position, showed all his old success. Of the defence, Reid was again the man of brains. Morton's defence served at centre, and Aitken played with accustomed coolness. Aitken played with accustomed coolness, but the half-backs could not hold Morton and the forwards. Had Ward not always been on the mark, more goals would have been scored.

Dumbarton—Miller; M'Grory and Morton; Raeside, and Finnie, and Thom; Ritchie, Reid, Trotter, Logie, and Walker.

Queen's Park—R. Ward; Lieut. G. Mackie and Campbell; A. Reid, J. Reid, Lieut. G. Mackie, and H. M'Millan; Lieut. Thomson, Lieut. Bell, Private Maconochie, and A. L. Morton.

NAP AT RUGBY PARK.

KILMARNOCK, 5; ST MIRREN, 1.

Kilmarnock had a very good victory over St Mirren at Rugby Park. There was a crowd, however, four goals of difference between the teams. For their pronounced superiority Kilmarnock were indebted to their forwards, who discarded their usual close-passing game and kept the ball swinging from wing to wing. After Culley had unsuccessfully tried to get through on his own, a free kick was awarded Smith, who scored from short range. St Mirren's goal ran many narrow escapes before the second came from the head of Goldie, who neatly tricked the defence before flashing the ball past Robertson. The third goal came from Wardhaugh, who had a wide view of the goal when he scored.

In the second half St Mirren played a much more dash, but Kilmarnock's defence was steadily and their forwards were as dangerous and keen as ever. Goldie got the third goal in the fourth, and Culley got the fifth from a lengthy free kick. In the closing minutes Kilmarnock got St Mirren's goal from a penalty kick. Both front ranks were poor, but Kilmarnock were not so strong in defence as St Mirren were not so strong in defence, and this explains Kilmarnock's superiority in goal-scoring.

Kilmarnock—Blair; Hamilton and Mitchell; Henson, Clarke, and Mackie; Pullen, Smith, Goldie, and M'Phail.

St Mirren—Richardson; Marshall and Campbell; Brown, Pringle, and Wallace; Higginbotham, Harris, Lindsay, and Durrant.

THE EASTERN LEAGUE.

EXCITING GAME AT DUNDEE.

DUNDEE, 2; DUNDEE HIBS, 0.

Dundee scored another success over Dundee Hibs at Tannadice Park, where 2000 spectators witnessed a vigorous game. The play spoiled somewhat, however, by the ill-feeling displayed by the respective teams. In a warm ninety minutes, in which excellent defence on either side predominated, the latter play was shown by the forwards. Particularly Lamb, Dundee's outside left, and first half was exciting and frequently in both goals being imperilled. Lamb and M'Guire, Hibs' inside left, after a smart individual effort, tipped the ball over the bar, and M'Cann, Dundee's right winger, was beaten by inches. Grieve saved magnificently at the expense of a corner. The ball was duly placed by M'Cann, and Nairn, at half, scored.

Hibs tried hard to equalise in the second half, and Bower was occasionally beaten, M'Culloch, inside right, sending in a particularly stiff shot. Taylor, at the end, missed an open goal, but latterly the picking up a pass from Moyes, and sending the ball nicely in the net. Hibs' defence down the Dundee defence. Thompson were prominent for the winners, and defenders, while of their forwards Lamb and M'Culloch were the most effective. The half-back line Nairn was the pick of the forward Lamb and S. Murray were dangerous.

CAPITAL WIN FOR COWDENBEATH.

COWDENBEATH, 2; RAITH ROVERS, 0.

This match was played at Cowdenbeath, and £90 was drawn at the gate. The weather was a hot one. Raith started strongly on their home side failing against the wind in the second any headway. In seventeen minutes Cowden men found their feet, and from then on had made Kerr's acquaintance. Cowden could not leave him until blood was drawn. Raith did not leave him until blood was drawn. Raith did goal came from a well-placed corner kick by M'Kay heading the ball over the line. M'Kay heading the ball over the line. right, and from the rebound put the ball into the net. The Rovers all but scored, and Neish was beaten, but Cowden cleared the crossing the line when Penman put in a shot and cleared. Cowdenbeath held the upper hand at the interval.

Cowdenbeath did the bulk of the pressing in the second half. Gibbons scored a beautiful goal. Rovers missed a penalty, but kept a good goal for the winners, who were ably supported by Birrell and Penman. For Raith Rovers the pick of the half-backs was Gibbons was the best forward on the field. Kerr, in Raith's goal, had no chance with any reproach himself for the goal scored. was perhaps the better back, and Cowden and Abbot the best of the forwards.

ALL OVER EAST FIFE.

ARMADALE, 6; EAST FIFE, 0.

Armadale had East Fife on the hop during uphill and against the run of play. Fife were first to attack, but Armadale soon were first to attack, but Armadale soon Herd, Hardie, and Chambers were in good form. Herd drove in a fine shot which Paterson no chance. At this stage Fife had every man of the East Fife half-back line, but there was no pith behind the shots. Herd added another goal for Armadale. Half-time—Armadale, 2; East Fife, 0.

Bennett, Allan, and Chambers by no means lacking of bustling attacks by Herd and Hardie, East Fife were playing a defensive game. After thirty minutes Steedle in goal for Armadale, Fife were decidedly weak in front of goal. Armadale were always dangerous, and five minutes Bennett gave away a penalty, which Currie scored. Herd in which Currie ties for East Fife, Frood was the pick of the on each occasion. Herd in the Armadale forward added another to the Armadale total.

THE WESTERN LEAGUE.

GOOD GAME AT JOHNSTONE.

JOHNSTONE, 1; ARTHURLIE, 1.

Played at Newton Park, Johnstone. In the first two minutes Paton and Co. tried Harrigan, but his defence was sound. Assisted by a strong wind, the Old Humph men soon made themselves felt, their attack settling down to a steady bombardment. Lawson shot over with an open goal. M'Neilage bored his way through, and Blair shot strong and true, Smith having no chance to save his charge. Play veered round in favour of the home men in the second half, Harrigan being kept busy. Johnstone were unfortunate not to get the equaliser, but the pressure at last told. After clever footwork by Paton and Jamieson, Gettins scored a clever goal. The home side had the better of the exchanges till the end. Best for Johnstone, Clark, Hunter, Paton, and Jamieson; and for Arthurlie, Tait, Richmond, M'Neilage, and Livingstone.

LEVEL PEGGING AT PAISLEY.

ABERCORN, 1; VALE OF LEVEN, 1.

At Paisley. Playing with the wind, the Vale soon made tracks round Abercorn's defence, but that was the most they did in the opening half, apart from the solitary goal which fell to Spiers. Not, of course, that their shooting was bad, but that luck was not with them, and a good deal of it was with M'Leod. The more lively features of the game centred in the closing period, though Abercorn were now the more conspicuous. Yet the Vale showed up splendidly, and against the breeze they kept the ball under fine control.

All the same the Paisley men might have won had it not been for M'Dougall having to retire 15 minutes from the finish with a nasty cut on his forehead. In the Abercorn defence M'Dougall was again prominent, with Watters and R. Black the best forwards. Archie Robertson did well in his new position. Currie surprised by missing a pinch in the first half. Sowerby, too, might have scored when ends were changed, but he gave the final effort to Joe Black, and the centre half made siccar.

The Vale were a finely balanced lot. Wharrier stood well to them in goal. They were well served in their defence lines, Garrett being excellent at centre half, and the two wing men, M'Lean and Spiers, were always in evidence. Goal-scorers—Spiers for the Vale, and Joe Black for Abercorn.

STEVENSTON'S SMART WORK.

STEVENSTON UNITED, 3; ALBION ROVERS, 0.

Stevenston United scored in the first minute. It was a well-taken shot, Lambie having the honour. The game was exciting from start to finish, but perhaps the most outstanding feature was Farrell's goal from Stevenston. It was a brilliant finish to a clever piece of play by Hillhouse, Farrell getting the ball on the run, and sending in a rattling good shot. The form shown by the visitors was disappointing, the game being very much in favour of United. Speirs missed a penalty kick. The third goal was taken just before the interval by Howie from a pass from Montgomery. The best for Stevenson were Farrell, Howie, Lambie, and Young; and for Rovers, Galbraith, Denny, Duncan, and Hudson.

RENTON'S TRIUMPH.

RENTON, 2; DUMBARTON HARP, 1.

It was a rather hard game at Tontine Park, when the Rentonians defeated the Harp by the odd goal in three. Both sides were strongly represented, and right from the start the pace was a hot one. Cooke missed a good chance for Renton, shooting past when he had nobody to beat but M'Bride, while Semple cleared a corner-kick when Eadon, the Renton keeper, was out of his goal. After Eadon had saved from Thomson, he was knocked out by Johnstone's shot, and took some time ere he came round. Twenty minutes after the start Cooke gave Renton the lead with a low shot which glided off the post into the net, and five minutes later Johnstone equalised. Ritchie missed a penalty for Renton, and at the interval the pegging was level—one up. Six minutes from the end Haddow gave Renton the lead following a free kick. Best for Renton were Eadon, Riley, Sim, Hanson, Cooke, and Rosie, while the cleverest for Harp were M'Bride, Bone, M'Callum, Meldrum, Johnstone, Newman, and M'Millan.

HORSE TROT FOR £50.

There was a large crowd at the Wester Carntyne Racecourse, Glasgow, yesterday, when Mr Beattie submitted another £50 open trotting handicap. An entry of twenty-four was received, and these were placed in three heats. Some very close racing was witnessed. Baby II., who ran splendidly in his heat, was made a sound favourite in the final. Getting away to a good start, Maggie L. took the lead, closely followed by Tommy P. II. and Baby II. China Cock, being well in the rear, made up a lot of lost ground, but Baby II., who ran splendidly throughout, won by a length from China Cock, with two lengths between dividing second and third. Final—1 Mr Pass' Baby II. (60); 2 Mr Bunting's China Cock (owes 145); 3 Miss Traill's Ormond (scratch). Also ran—George IV. (owes 100), Jack o' Diamonds (5), Tommy P. II. (180), and Maggie L. (265). Betting—5 to 2 on Baby II., 6 to 1 against Ormond and Tommy P. II., 10 to 1 against China Cock and George IV., 20 to 1 against Maggie L. Won by a length; two lengths divided second and third. Time—2 min. 31 secs.

SWIMMING GALA AT BUCKHAVEN.

The swimming gala, under the auspices of the Leven and Buckhaven Clubs, was held at Buckhaven Harbour yesterday. 100 Yards—1 J. Gardiner, Buckhaven; 2 W. Clunie, Leven; 3 J. Bissett, Leven. 50 Yards Ladies' Race—1 Cathy Munro, Leven; 2 Bella Baird, Leven; 3 H. Staig, Leven. Boys' Race (under fourteen)—1 W. Cowie, Leven; 2 J. Moodie, Buckhaven; 3 D. M'Kenzie, Buckhaven. Boys' Race (under thirteen)—1 P. Sturrock, Buckhaven; 2 F. Clark, Buckhaven; 3 J. Dick, Buckhaven. 8 Dickie, Leven, and C. Munro, Leven (dead heat). Team Race—1 Leven, 2 Buckhaven. Diving Race—1 J. Gardiner, 2 J. Bissett, 3 J. Guthrie, Leven.

HORSES FOR AYR.

BY THE COLONEL.

A rapid glance over the entries for the forthcoming Ayr meeting satisfies me that a good two days' sport is assured.

The Ayrshire Plate is particularly attractive, and I await the publication of the weights with much interest. I shall be curious to see how such animals as Parrot, Search, Aerschot, Eagle's Rest, and Schamyl are handicapped, as I shall probably take one of these to supply us with the winner. In the Auchencruive Welter I note Pernis, Killadoon, and Royal Bucks as a likely trio. For the Stewards' Plate I shall examine carefully the weights given to Indian Feast, Corydon, and Partition. Buckstaffe, Genius, and Delia are youngsters that catch my eye in the Trial Plate. In the Craigengillan Plate we have Cheecako, Bridge of Weir, and Resilience to keep an eye upon; while in the Doon Plate Mount Lebanon has most to fear from C.P. and Schamyl.

On Monday, in the Ayr Gold Cup, I tick off Pernis, Roubaix, and Tortona as likely ones if weighted anything like favourably. Search, Greek Scholar, and Mountain Park will appeal to me, if not overweighted, in the Corinthian Welter. The Carrick Plate looks good for Quarryman, in whose absence I should probably go for Croestree or Ardvreck to win. I am looking out for the weights given to Allan Brig, Mintleaf, and Ella in the Land of Burns Nursery. For the Cunninghame Plate I have made a note of South Parade, Fasaig, and Kilbay. Next week, with the weights before me, I shall go nap for a few of the ones I have mentioned above, and feel confident that we shall be able to spot a few good winners for our home meeting.

WINDSOR—Saturday September 22.

Royal Borough Handicap—Search, nap; if absent, Saxon.
Stoke Poges Plate—Blueground, nap; if absent, Matchless.
Merry Wives Nursery—Menu, nap; if absent, Froggie.
Frogmore Welter—Charcoal, nap; if absent, Linen.
Lock Handicap—Rare Ruby, nap; if absent, Green Gravel.
Farnham Plate—Will o' the Wisp, nap; if absent, Liddington.
Nap—Menu.
Double—Menu and Search.

POWDERHALL PEDS.

At Powderhall Grounds yesterday a 75 yards and a mile handicap were run, both events being well filled, with over 150 entrants for the dash and 121 for the mile. Results:—75 Yards Handicap—1 (£5) G. Douglas, Edinburgh (12); 2 (15s) Wimsett, Edinburgh (9½); 3 (5s) Pte. G. Thomson, Edinburgh (12). Betting—6 to 4 on Thomson, 2 to 1 against Douglas, 7 to 2 against R. James, Midcalder (10); 5 to 1 Wimsett, 8 to 1 R. Bernard, Edinburgh (13½). Won by a foot; inches between second and third. Time—8 1-5 secs.

One Mile Handicap—1 (£5) R. Williams, Broxburn (100); 2 (15s) Sergt. R. Grierson, Kinross (75); 3 (5s) J. Drummond, Bowhill (75). Betting—Evens Williams. 3 to 1 against Davies, Fauldhouse (75); 5 to 1 against Grierson, 6 to 1 against Drummond, 10 to 1 against others. Won by five yards; inches between second and third. Time—4 min. 30 secs.

TANCY LEE.

After his convincing victories over Louis Ruddick and Joe Brooks, Tancy Lee, Leith, the ex-fly-weight champion, has been selected by Mr Bettison to oppose Charlie Hardcastle (holder) for the featherweight championship and Lonsdale Belt. The provisional date of the contest is Monday, 22d October.

£100 FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

Here is an opportunity of winning £100.

All you have to do is to forecast sixteen correct results. There is NO NEED TO GIVE SCORES.

The competitor who gives the sixteen correct results gets the £100. In the event of more than one competitor being correct, the prize will be divided.

If no competitor sends in a coupon giving the sixteen correct results, a Consolation Prize of £10 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the coupon with the largest number of correct results.

In the event of more than one competitor sending in a coupon with the same number of correct results the Consolation Prize will be divided.

On the accompanying form you will find a list of sixteen matches which are to be played on Saturday, September 22.

Strike out in ink the name of the club you think will lose. If in your opinion the game will end in a draw, leave the names of both competing teams.

In the event of any of the matches not being played or being abandoned or postponed, the prize of £100 will not be awarded, but the offer of the consolation prize will still hold good.

Any number of entry forms may be enclosed in the same envelope.

Any entry form on which an alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

Each competitor must give his or her real address, and must write his or her signature and address in ink.

In all matters relating to the competition the Editor's decision is final and legally binding, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SEPTEMBER 22.

Burnley	v.	Everton.
Manchester U.	v.	Rochdale.
Oldham A.	v.	Manchester C.
Southport C.	v.	Port Vale.
Leeds City	v.	Bradford C.
Sheffield U.	v.	Rotherham C.
Notts Forest	v.	Sheffield W.
Leicester F.	v.	Huddersfield.
Millwall	v.	West Ham U.
Tottenham H.	v.	Woolwich A.
Clapton Orient	v.	Fulham.
Ayr United	v.	Clyde.
Falkirk	v.	Hearts.
Hibernians	v.	Airdrie.
Motherwell	v.	Kilmarnock.
Queen's Park	v.	Clydebank.

I enter this competition in accordance with the printed conditions in "The Post Sunday Special," and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

Signature, ...

Address, ...

....

....

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Weekly News."

The Editor cannot accept responsibility for the loss or non-delivery of any entry form, and will not accept proof of postage as proof of receipt or delivery.

No correspondence can be entered into in connection with the competition.

The Editor reserves the right to disqualify any entry, but agrees not to disqualify any entry without good and sufficient reason.

Entries must be sent by post addressed to "£100 Results Editor," "The Post Sunday Special," 138 Port-Dundas Road, Glasgow, and posted so that they reach us not later than the first post on Wednesday, September 19.

Football Contest Result—Matches Played Sept. 8.

No one correctly forecasted the results of all the matches in this contest, but six competitors submitted forms showing two errors each, and our consolation prize of £10 is therefore divided amongst them. Their names are:—Wm. Dunn, 6 M'Donald Street, Motherwell; Alex. M'Leish, Provanhall, by Baillieston, Glasgow; John M'Laren, 1 Drysdale's Buildings, Corbiehall, Bo'ness; Mrs Bradford, 52 Broughton Road, Edinburgh; Wm. Campbell, 15 English Street, Shieldmuir, Wishaw; Mr C. Stevenson, 43 Enfield Place, Motherwell.

WHIPPETING.

EXCITING RACE AT COATBRIDGE.

The programme opened yesterday with the final rounds of the previous week's handicap. First Semi-Final—Marshall's Maggie Lauder (23), Taylor's Pup (31). Second Semi-Final—Adam's Mix Up (22), M'Gowan's Armagh (28). Third Semi-Final—Anderson's Fawn Lad (20), Brown's Saucy Sarah (24). Final—1 Fawn Lad, 2 Saucy Sarah. Betting 6 to 4 the winner, 3 to 1 against the second, 6 to 1 and 10 to 1 the others. A most exciting finish.

Heat results in new £18 handicap:—Shank's Don't Finish (32), Wennan's Run On (29), Allan's Ducky Maid (28), Allan's Wee Danny (25), Stewart's Saucy Sam (18), Doyle's Shady Boy (26), Knox's Cadoran (32), Henry's Seni Cloud (27), Almond's Burn Blend (20), Galloway's Orange Bill (24), M'Mahon's Blue Bell (23), Brown's Saucy Sarah (24), Bushell's Cairnhill Lad (20), Thomson's Black Bird (31), Allan's Black Swan (23), Brown's Prince Albert (31), M'Cormack's Liza (22), Wilson's Rover (24). M'Kenzie's Laughing Mask (21), Coventry's Rambler (29). Made-Up Heats—Lawrie's Wasp (29), Greenhorn's No Name (27).

GLASGOW MEET.

Another lengthy dog-racing card was put on for decision yesterday, before a large attendance. Runners were plentiful, and sport throughout was of a high class. First Semi-Final—Mr Clyde's Beauty (7½) and Mr Bookle's Big Geordie (4½) Second Semi-Final—Mr Dickson's Extravagance (19) and Mr Strain's Useless (12½). Third Semi-Final—Mr Burns' Wee Bobbie (28½) and Mr Wilson's Jack Easy (17). Fourth Semi-Final—Mr Stoddart's Done Again (12½) and Mr Buckley's Cathkin Boy (13½). Final—1 Big Geordie, 2 Beauty and Cathkin Boy (dead heat for second place). Also ran—Extravagance, Wee Bobbie, Jack Easy, Useless, Done Again. Betting—6 to 4 against Big Geordie, 3 to 1 against Cathkin Boy and Beauty, 10 to 1 against others. Won by inches.

LOCHGELLY HANDICAP.

Results:—1 Mr Wallace's (Kinnerswood) Haw Wull (14); 2 Mr Barclay's (Methil) Showman (13½); 3 Mr Hunter's (Bowhill) Minney (17½); 4 Mr Menzies' (Glencraig) Mabel (13½). Betting—2 to 1 against Haw Wull.

EDINBURGH DOGS.

The twenty-eight heats and final of a £10 190 yards handicap was run at Powderhall yesterday. There was an entry of 188. Finalists:—Aitchison's (Standburn) Sunbright (30), Hogg's (Bonnyrigg) Carnegie (31), Duncan's (Armadale) Bunty (31), Dodd's (Tranent) Firefly (28), Corbett's (Edinburgh) May (25). Result:—1 (£8) Bunty; others 10s each. Betting—Evens Sunbright, 6 to 4 against Bunty, 5 to 2 Firefly, 10 to 1 Carnegie, 12 to 1 May. Won by half a yard. Time—10½ secs.

QUOITING.

Douglas Water and Motherwell met in the Lanarkshire final at Larkhall. Scores:—T. Walkinshaw and J. Mitchell, 25; W. Martin and C. Cobban (Motherwell), 6. J. Davidson and George Sankey, 25; A. Nelson and J. Purdie (Motherwell), 16. D. Murray and T. Graham, 14; R. Wardrop and A. Black (Motherwell), 10. R. Marshall and W. Knox, 25; R. Black and W. Moffat, 13. Totals—Douglas Water, 89; Motherwell, 45.

Willie Watters, Lochgelly, defended his title of Scottish champion yesterday. when he met John Durnie, Barrmill, for a £100 stake. First half-game Watters did the counting, and led 32-15. The Ayrshire man struck form, and ran his opponent to one shot, when the score stood 44-43, and at the next end took the lead for the first time. It was a sporting finish, with the champion up nine shots. Watters, 61; Durnie, 52.

£30 match at Larkhall—G. Miller, Netherburn, 61; T. Findlay, Birkenshaw, 40

£20 match at Kilsyth—R. M'Gregor, Banton, 61; D. M'Callum, Kirkintilloch, 31.

£50 match at Douglas Water—J. Kilpatrick, 61; D. Hamilton, 8.

£20 pitching match—H. M'Kinlay, Larbert, 61; J. Trainer, Camelon, 32.

Bob Wilson, of Polmont, is up against Jock Mushet on the 29th at Paisley. Mushet gets 10 shots in 61, and plays any weight he likes.

£30 Match at Falkirk—D. Heeps, Standrigg, 61; R. Hecops, Rumford, 54.

CHARITY SPORTS AT RENFREW.

Babcock & Wilcox employees held charity sports at Renfrew yesterday. Results:—100 Yards Handicap—1 Anderton, 2 Taylor, 3 Bockhearts. 220 Yards Handicap—1 Belnave, 2 Taylor, 3 Anderton. One Mile Relay—Southworks Inspectors. 75 Yards for Ladies—1 Nan Corbett, 2 Armaude Stembert. High Jump—1 Johnston, 4 ft. 9 in.; 2 M'Coll, 4 ft. 8 in. Long Jump—1 Crawford, 15 ft.; 2 Johnston, 14 ft. 10 in. Tilting the Bucket—1 Miss Thomson and Mr Rodgers, 2 Miss Stembert and Mr Hunter. Beauty Competition—1 Mary Moffat, 2 Armaude Stembert. Cigarette Race—1 Miss Rankin and Mr Armour, 2 Miss Todd and Mr Dunn. Tug-of-War—Buffers Dept. Ladies' Five-a-Side—Aisne Works beat North Works, 3-0.

PROMINENT ATHLETES AT KIRKCONNEL.

An athletic gathering, held at Kirkconnel yesterday on behalf of war funds, was productive of splendid sport. Results:—100 Yards—H. Cowan, Glasgow (scratch). Half-Mile—J. Lindsay, Dreghorn (scratch). 220 Yards—R. Cox, Darvel (10). One Mile—J. Lindsay (scratch). Quarter-Mile—J. Gordon, Leith (30). Two Miles—J. Lindsay and H. Malcolm (50) equal. The drawings exceeded £21.

ANGLING ON LOCHLEVEN.

Kinross, Saturday Night.

A strong, gusty, south-west wind was against sport to-day.

Mr P. D. Malloch, Perth, fifteen trout, 15 lbs.; Mr Reid, Alloa, nine trout, 10 lbs. 12 ozs.; Sir John Carden, nine trout, 8 lbs. 8 ozs.; Mr Stewart, Dundee, four trout, 4 lbs.; Messrs, J. A. C. Brown and P. C. C. Brown, Alloa, nine trout, 7 lbs. 4 ozs.; "North Ferry," six trout, 7 lbs. 12 ozs; Mr A. G. Cameron, Glasgow, twelve trout, 13 lbs. 8 ozs.; Mr Crighton, Dundee, four trout, 5 lbs.; Lieutenant Evans, R.N., six trout, 6 lbs; Mr M'Kinlay and Mr Simpson, Lochgelly, eight trout, 7 lbs. 5 ozs.; Mr Shoolbred and Mr W. Terris, seven trout, 9 lbs. 2 ozs; Mr W. Annan, Lassodie, nine trout, 9 lbs.; Mr Herd, Kinross, and Mr Rutherford, Blairadam, four trout, 5 lbs. 8 ozs.; Mr Rodger, Kelty, four trout, 5 lbs. 7 ozs.; Sergeant-Major Sey, Kinross, sixteen trout, 15 lbs. 12 ozs.

FETE AT MONIFIETH.

Monifieth, Saturday.

Monifieth Golf Links were to-day the scene of a most interesting and enjoyable fete, organised by the local Links Committee on behalf of War Funds.

The opening ceremony was performed by Lady Baxter, and Mr James Falconer, M.P. for Forfarshire, presided.

In declaring the sale open, Lady Baxter referred to the work which was being done on behalf of discharged soldiers. Mr Barnes, M.P., had met all the soldiers' wants as they had never been met before, and he had shown, personally, the greatest sympathy with the discharged men.

At a Free Gift Sale the articles auctioned included a club used by James Braid at the Monifieth Carnival a week ago, and a pig, which was snowballed, realised £38 15s

Altogether the Fete was eminently successful.

The total drawings are about £700.

BILLIARDS.

REECE (receives 1000), ... 8203
INMAN, ... 7631

GREAT POPULAR SUCCESS OF HARLENE 'HAIR-DRILL'

ENTHUSIASTIC PRAISE FROM ALL BRANCHES OF THE NATIONAL SERVICES.

London Hair Specialist's Offer of Free Public Distribution of 1,000,000 Complete Hair-Growing and Hair-Beautifying Outfits FREE.

OUR Fighting Men on both Land and Sea, Nurses, Munition Workers, as well as practically all our famous Actresses, Queens of Revue, and Cinema Artists, are all full of praise for what has now become the great national toilet practice—"Harlene Hair-Drill."

Letters of thanks are pouring in from all parts where the writers express their greatest gratification at the success achieved in the practice of "Hair-Drill."

So necessary is it to-day that men should preserve a fresh and smart appearance, and that women should look to their appearance, in which the hair forms so conspicuous a part, that the Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill" wishes it to be publicly known that he is prepared to dispatch to any reader a complete 7 days' "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit free of charge.

This Free Offer is one that no one can afford to miss. If you are a man who suffers from ageing baldness, or if your hair is growing thin, weak, or impoverised, this offer is open to YOU. If you are a woman whose youthful looks are gradually disappearing as a consequence of the hair looking dank, dull, lifeless, and thin, or coming out daily when you use the comb, this Free Offer is also open for YOU to accept.

All readers of this announcement are cordially invited to avail themselves of the generous offer to learn of the most successful method of regaining, restoring, and preserving hair health and hair beauty Free of Charge.

FREE HAIR-HEALTH PARCELS.

Test "Harlene Hair-Drill" free, without any obligation on your part—merely send 4d in stamps to defray cost of carriage, and as soon as His Majesty's Post Office can deliver it you will receive the following valuable Gift:—

1. A Bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and tonic for the hair.

2. A Packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."

3. A Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."

4. A Copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual.

You can always obtain further supplies of

FREE

All classes of Society are now regularly practising "Harlene Hair-Drill." Men in both our Navy and Army, abroad and at home, Nurses, Munition Workers—indeed all classes are able to banish the "too old at 30, 40, or 50" appearance. Everyone is to-day invited to accept the Free Gift Offer made in this announcement. Simply send your name and address with the Coupon Form below and you will receive the complete "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit.

any of these preparations from your local chemist; Harlene at 1s 1½d, 2s 9d, and 4s 9d per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s 1½d per box of 7 shampoos (single packets 2d each); "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s and 2s 6d per bottle. If you have any difficulty any or all of these preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders.

Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.

FREE "HAIR-DRILL" COUPON

Detach and Post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, LTD., 20, 22, 24, & 26 Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene Hair Drill" Gift Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d in stamps, cost of carriage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above.

Sunday Post, 16/9/17.

"THE PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY THAT HAS NEVER FAILED."

If your Chemist is sold out you can send Postal Order for 3s or 5s to The Laboratory, and bottle will be sent by return of post.

LUNG TROUBLE & CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, Whooping Cough, Children's Cough.

"THE DISEASES THAT BAFFLE THE DOCTORS."

The Marvellous Specific "Liq-u-fruta" that never fails—
—CHRONIC ASTHMA OF EVEN 20 YEARS' STANDING
—TERRIBLE RACKING BRONCHITIS
—LUNG TROUBLE WHEN SANATORIA AND MEDICAL TREATMENT HAD FAILED
—BLOOD SPITTING —DIFFICULT BREATHING
—BRONCHIAL CATARRH —QUINSY —CROUP
—PNEUMONIA —NASAL CATARRH
—LARYNGITIS —RACKING COUGH
—NIGHT SWEATS —CHOKING PHLEGM
—INFLUENZA —EMPHYSEMA

OVER 1,000,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

It will remove any case of Asthma or Bronchitis. It will strengthen your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of Tuberculosis, and has banished every trace of Consumption from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

"IT SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."

My only son lay at the point of death, suffering from Lung Trouble, and my doctor told me that I must be prepared for the end.

Then it was that I discovered "LIQ-U-FRUTA," and miraculously saved his life.

(Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE.

As supplied to the Household of H.M. the King at Windsor Castle.

Mr G. Laurder, Great Georges Street, Dublin, has suffered from Pulmonary Consumption, the disease that "LIQUFRUTA" overcomes, exactly as it is successful in Bronchitis, Asthma, Bronchial Catarrh, and Whooping Cough. The story is best told in Mr Laurder's own words:—"I must write about the wonderful medicine 'LIQUFRUTA,' for I have been suffering from Consumption with cavities on the left lung from September, 1916. I went into the Sanatorium in March, 1917. You can tell my state when I say I was reduced in weight to 4 stone 7 lbs. instead of my normal weight, 9 stone 4 lbs. I could not sleep for the awful cough, and my breathing was so bad I collapsed and fainted if I tried to walk. When I was in the Sanatorium I heard about the wonderful medicine 'LIQUFRUTA,' so I bought a bottle to try, with the result it greatly eased my cough and breathing. I then commenced in earnest, and obtained more 'LIQUFRUTA,' and a perfect cure was the result."

A COUGH AND "LIQ-U-FRUTA" CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER.

"Liq-u-fruta" is gladly supplied by all the 580 Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Glasgow Apothecaries, Cockburn & Co., and all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-, or direct and Post Free from Mr W. Home-Newcombe, 642 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, for remittance in stamps or postal orders. For abroad sufficient to cover postage must be added. For 2d. in stamps my book "Worth its Weight in Gold," published at 1/-, will be sent Post Free.

Liqufruta

CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

POSSIBLE ACTIVITY IN THE BALTIC.

The Baltic Sea has been the scene of much activity during the war, as shown in the map reproduced, and since the German advance beyond Riga there has been considerable speculation as to what the fleets may be doing. The chiefs of the Russian Baltic Fleet have declared that they are ready to fight to the last, and thus in the event of the German High Seas Fleet tackling the Russian Fleet the general situation may be in part retrieved.

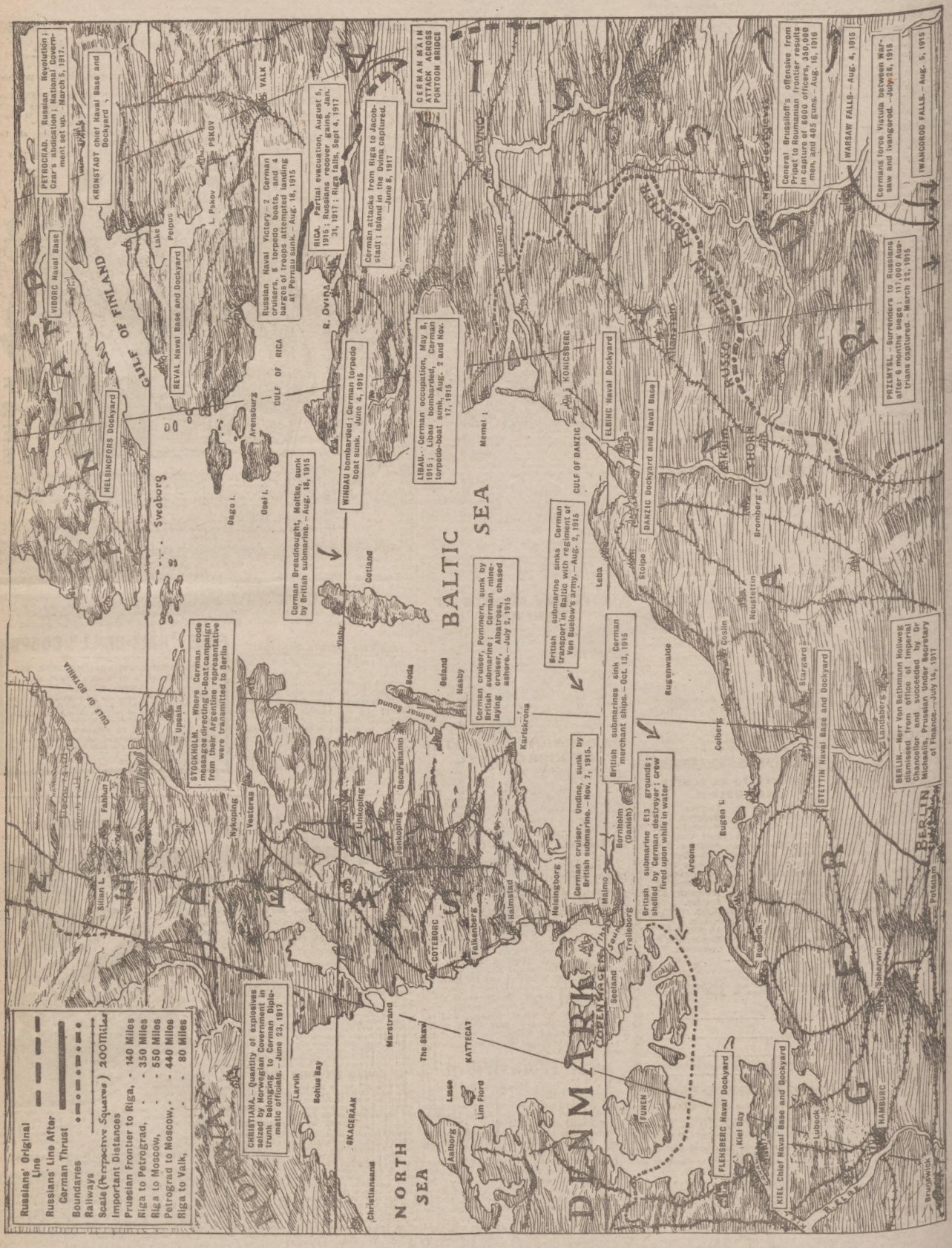
The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1917.

HOW THE GERMANS ARE BEING HAMPERED.

The country in which the Germans are now operating is in parts very hilly, swampy, sandy, and marshy; roads are few and bad, and the railways favour defence, provided that the Russians can hold the central junction of Valk. In case, however, of the Germans succeeding in taking Pernau and Reval, the Russian armies might have to abandon the province of Lavonia and fall back very considerably.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF BALTIC SEA; SCENE OF FIGHTING BEYOND RIGA.


PETROGRAD. – Russian Revolution; Czar's abdication; National Government set up. – March 5, 1917.
KRONSTADT chief Naval Base and Dockyard
VYBORG Naval Base
REVAL Naval Base and Dockyard
HELSINGFORS Dockyard
GULF OF FINLAND
VALK
PSKOV
L. Peipus
L. Pskov
Russian Naval Victory – 2 German cruisers, 8 torpedo boats, and 4 barges of troops attempted landing at Pernau sunk. – Aug. 18, 1915
RIGA. Partial evacuation, August 5, 1915; Russians recover gains, Jan. 31, 1917; Riga falls, Sept 4, 1917
German attacks from Riga to Jacobstadt; island in the Dvina captured. – June 6, 1917
GERMAN MAIN ATTACK ACROSS PONTOON BRIDGE
R. Dvina
GULF OF RIGA
Arensburg
Oesel I.
Dago I.
WINDAU bombarded; German torpedo boat sunk. June 4, 1915
LIBAU. – German occupation, May 8, 1915; Libau bombarded, German torpedo-boat sunk, Aug. 2 and Nov. 17, 1915
Memel
KONIGSBERG
ELBING Naval Dockyard
DANZIG Dockyard and Naval Base
GULF OF DANZIG
Stolpe
Leba
Bromberg
Neustettin
Rugenwalde
Stargard
Coslin
Colberg
Landsberg a/W.
STETTIN Naval Base and Dockyard
Rügen I.
Arcona
Stralsund
Greifswald
Pasewalk
Potsdam
BERLIN
Sobarwin
Swinemünde
Ruhrort
Duisburg
Düsseldorf
Cologne
Coblenz
Mannheim
Karlsruhe
Strassburg
Metz
Nancy
Toul
Verdun
Rheims
Soissons
Compiègne
Paris
Amiens
Arras
Lille
Ostend
Zeebrugge
Dunkirk
Calais
Boulogne
Dover
Folkestone
Ramsgate
Margate
Sheerness
Chatham
Gravesend
Tilbury
London
Southend
Harwich
Ipswich
Felixstowe
Yarmouth
Lowestoft
Aldeburgh
Orfordness
Cromer
Sheringham
Wells
Hunstanton
King's Lynn
Wisbech
Peterborough
Grantham
Lincoln
Gainsborough
Doncaster
Sheffield
Chesterfield
Derby
Nottingham
Leicester
Northampton
Bedford
Luton
Hertford
Cambridge
Ely
Newmarket
Bury St. Edmunds
Ipswich
Colchester
Maldon
Southend
Tilbury
Gravesend
Chatham
Sheerness
Margate
Ramsgate
Folkestone
Dover
Calais
Boulogne
Dunkirk
Zeebrugge
Ostend
Ghent
Bruges
Antwerp
Brussels
Mons
Charleroi
Namur
Liège
Aachen